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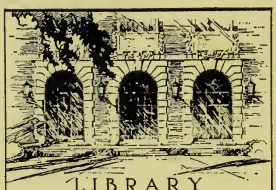

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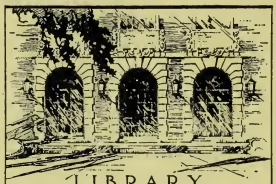

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The Home of the Trout.

(See page 46)

THRILLING ECHOES

— FROM —

THE WILD FRONTIER.

———:o:———

INTERESTING PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE AUTHOR.

— BY —

J. S. FLORY,

EDITOR OF THE "HOME MIRROR,"

— AND AUTHOR OF —

"Western Ramblings", "Lock and Key", or "Woman's Friend", etc. etc.

———:o:———

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PREFACE.

I had reasons for writing. And I wrote. The result is before the reader. If I have written to some purpose—well; if not—WELL.

In a preface an apology is expected. I have none to make.

The world is flooded with fictitious literature. Am I presuming too much in supposing there is some room for "truth that is stranger than fiction?"

As an explanation, I wish to say, the subject matter relative to myself in the following pages, was prepared for the "HOME MIRROR," for that reason I use the pronouns "we" and "us," instead of "I" and "me." This is a rule admissible with editors.

THE AUTHOR.

Lordsburg, Cal.

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THRILLING ECHOES

FROM THE WILD FRONTIER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

We do not know that we can give a more interesting account of true life on the frontier than to give our own experience, with now and then the experience of others, the facts of which we have every reason to believe are true.

Whilst living in our quiet home and accustomed to the airy breezes from the blue topped Alleghenies, we were seized with the impulse to "Go west," and west we went; first on a prospecting tour. At Cincinnati we met with an agent of the U. P. R. R., who had courteously extended to us cheap transportation. In company with said agent and others who were to be our companions in travel, we arrived at Omaha, Nebraska, June 27th, 1873.

Our party consisted of the said agent, an agent of the Illinois Central R. R., a Dr. B. of Md., Mr. H. of Va., one of those sturdy old pioneer farmers of Ind., and myself.

We found much at Omaha to engage our attention, but the great "west" far beyond was where our hopes were set for. On the morning of the 28th, as usual, all was bustle and confusion at the great union depot; men,

women and children of different nationality, all mingled together in one living, moving mass, intent on going somewhere. The puffing, trembling iron horse seemed eager to be off. The last trunk finally was put aboard and the order "all aboard" given, then the long, crowded train was off for the wide rolling plains beyond. The wide extended area of rolling lands that met our view was grand to behold; here and there a farm house was to be seen looking like a ship far out on the broad ocean; green and waving fields of grain looked like pleasant oases on the desert waste. A great country here spread wide her arms to welcome the sturdy sons of toil. Our first stopping place was Grand Island, Neb.; being Sunday we attended divine service and Sunday school, had a favorable opportunity to compare society, which we found in appearance similiar to what we met in the east, also walked out to interview a body of Indians who were camped near the town. During the night previous a bolt of lightning had killed three head of cattle in town. Those Indians had found out what had occurred and with eager busy hands they were utilizing the carcasses. Nothing was suffered to go to waste; even the intestines were carefully strung up to dry for food in the future. The steak and every part that was possible to be cut in thin strips was so treated and strung in the sun or over the fire to dry, making what is called "jerked beef". One old Indian was sitting squarely upon the ground—tailor fashion—and with a large knife was splitting a large piece of steak using his uncovered thigh for it to rest upon during the process of "jerking." Near by was a squaw busily engaged hanging the thin

strips of beef over a fire. Our curiosity was somewhat excited by what seemed to be a bundle of rags lashed with ropes to a pile of boards and sitting at an angle of about forty-five degrees against the fence. One of our party ventured to remark there was something breathing within the novel looking bundle. The squaw noting our curiosity came forward and on removing an outer covering exposed to our wondering view a round, plump faced "papoose" (Indian baby) sleeping as sweetly—to all appearance—as ever slept an infant in its mother's arms. One of the party rewarded the mother for her generosity by giving her a piece of money which she received with a broad grin and guttural "thank you." Later in the day some of the party had the Indians try their skill with bow and arrow having them, at a distance of fifty paces, knock small coins from a stick placed in the ground, the coin inserted edgewise in the top end, the one striking the coin and knocking it from the stick being entitled to it. It is surprising with what accuracy they can thus hit a small coin.

Leaving Grand Island at night we went farther west to Gibbon, where the next day we hired conveyances and went out about ten miles northwest, where we found a beautiful section of country yet open for entry. Returning at night we again boarded the train arriving at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the morning of June 2nd, tarried long enough to get to see a portion of, at that time, one of the wickedest cities, probably to be found anywhere. Here we changed cars and went due south for Greeley, Col. Traveling for many miles over the barren plains and emerging suddenly in to a region

of green fields, running streams and on every hand the signs of busy prosperity, was like awaking from a dream —like passing from a desert into a paradise. Water and well applied industry had made the change. Found Greeley a beautiful thriving town, four years of age. P. T. Barnum, Horace Greeley and other men of note, owned property in the town and were helping build up the place. This town has solved the problem that a community, based on strictly temperate principles, can succeed and prosper. Apply the same rules to every city, town and neighborhood in the Union that Greeley has maintained for eight years past and the evil of intemperance will be banished from the land.

On our arrival at the beautiful town of Greeley we were met by some friends who conveyed us to the town of Evans. After dinner we took a stroll through the town; the fine gardens and manner of irrigating them attracted our attention. A large canal conveyed the water around the town and surrounding farms. Latteral ditches from this main canal conducted the water in beautiful streams along each side the streets along which lines of beautiful trees were growing. From these ditches into everybody's yard or garden the water could be turned as needed. The water flowed between the rows of vegetables or spread over the plats of ground readily, and when sufficient moisture was had the water was turned off. We at once discovered this matter of irrigation was much more simple and available even for large farms than we had any idea of.

Near by the town we were shown a large cotton wood tree, that a few years previous had born a sad fruit. A

young man had left his home in the states and in his rambles had found his way thither. Like too many young men he had learned to indulge in intoxicating beverages. While under its influence at the hotel where he was boarding, while at the dinner table, he insulted one of the female waiters, she threw a glass of water in his face, in his rage he sprang from his chair and drew his revolver and killed the landlord—a man much respected. He attempted to escape but was seized by a mob and preparations at once made to hang him. All his entreaties for his life were in vain. Time was given him to write a letter to his mother in which he stated the demon rum had brought him to this sad end. He was placed upon a mule which was led under the said tree, a rope was thrown over a large limb, one end fastened around his neck, the mule was led from under him and in a short time his spirit was gone from his mortal body. What a sad warning for every young man who dares to tamper with strong drink.

All being in readiness we set out by private conveyance for our journey down the valley of the South Platte river. About sundown we arrived at a small town by the name of Green city. The people of the town were mostly from the southern states; we were well entertained and on the next day continued our journey. At noon we arrived at a dairy "ranch" presided over by a couple of men. We found one of the men churning butter,—about twenty-five pounds were made daily. About two gallons and a half of butter milk was quite an addition to our lunch. Continuing our journey through a wild and uninhabited country, at night we

camped on an elevation near the river. The horses were "picketed" out, our camp fire started and supper prepared all in regular pioneer camping-out style. When bed time came we spread our blankets upon the ground. Myself and bedfellow selected the sandy road bed as it was softer than the uneven grassy plain. In this climate while camping out no one cares to sleep under cover. As this was our first night camping out we took in our situation as one quite novel. We lay for some time looking up at the bright twinkling stars, wondering whether they all were worlds inhabited like ours. Thoughts of dear ones far away and of the noisy tumults that doubtless was then transpiring in many places on this evening of our National Independence day—the fourth of July. Sweet sleep finally put an end to our reveries; however, we were not left long in uninterrupted slumber. We were awakened by some one yelling out "get up out of the road a wagon is coming". We did get up and noticed a wagon with two yoke of cattle to it coming near us. Our sudden uprising and ghost like appearance so scared the oxen that they shyed off on a run. The driver did some terrible swearing and some of our jolly wits did some hearty laughing. We again nestled down in our beds and lay undisturbed until the bright morning appeared. As our city friends were used to late hours for rising we got up and taking a rifle from one of the wagons took a stroll far out on the rolling plains. While going up a ravine we noticed an antelope quietly feeding at a distance, but before we could get as near as we wanted, it discovered us and went off on a swift run. On our return to camp we found

breakfast ready and soon we were off again for our "down the river" destination, which we reached about noon. We intended to view the land across the river. The bed of the Platte was so treacherous—in many places quicksand—that our drivers would not venture to cross. So it was agreed that after dinner we would wade the river. Our Indiana friend, however, would not venture with us. Having reached the bank of the river we divested ourselves of our clothing which we carried in our hands and commenced the crossing,—the river was about a quarter of a mile wide. Before we got across we reached deep water and had to "back out" and try another course. Finally we reached the opposite bank and entered upon a beautiful scope of bottom land. Each one of the party selected a claim of 160 acres of land and in the evening returned to our camp which was by a claim "shanty," but the owner was not at home; however, according to the usage of the country it was all right to take possession of the premises while we remained. One thing that might be worthy of mention we noticed in this cabin, and that was the top part of an Indian skull that was used by the party who lived there to keep his salt in. Afterwards we learned the Sioux and Ute Indians had fought a severe battle not far off and Indian skulls were plenty. Since then we have seen them lying around in the door yards, and kept as curosities in some public houses.

We spent the next day until noon, looking around and then started on our return trip—we had gone down the river about 85 miles. Thousands of cattle were seen grazing in this great valley, and finer and fatter cattle

we never have seen anywhere. Our return trip was similiar to our going down. One of the party killed a prairie dog and our Indianapolis friend captured a mocking bird which he carried back with him. It was the wrong season of the year to find buffalo or Indians in the valley, hence we had no such pleasure as getting an interview with them.

On our arrival at Evans we got aboard the train for the great city of Denver. On the 9th of July our party was offered a free ride to the mountains and return. It is needless to say we accepted the offer. At Golden, a beautiful, thriving town, surrounded by the foot hills, we took passage on the narrow gauge railroad up Clear Creek canon. Who has not heard of the grandeur and wonders of this remarkable canon? One man who was aboard the train was so fascinated with the scenery and awe stricken by the towering, overhanging cliffs, that he made use of all the adjectives he could think of in Webster's unabridged and then seemed to sigh that there was no other vocabulary from whence he might derive terms to express his admiration. In due time we arrived at Black Hawk and Central City, which are hemmed in by high mountains and on every side are visible the rich gold and silver mines, out of which millions have been taken. The Teller hotel will favorably compare with first class houses in New York city. We thought one dollar for our dinner pretty high; however, as it was our only expense for the day we had no need to grumble. We returned to Denver in the evening, and on the next day set out homeward bound where we arrived July 16th.

CHAPTER II.

OUR FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

Having arrived with my family at the beautiful town of Greeley, in Well county and after seeing them comfortably situated, and having opportunity to go with a friend near a hundred miles down the South Platte river, and being informed the buffalo were plenty now in the valley, we set out buoyant with hope that we should not only get to see some of those big beasts of the plains, but that we should get an opportunity to kill one at least. In due course of time we arrived in the region of the buffalo; along the road we saw a number of partial carcasses of those recently slain. We were told that every forenoon they would come into the valley to the river to get water. So on the next morning after our arrival in camp we were up early with buffalo hunting "on the brain." At an early hour we could discover at a distance of six miles out on the bluffs, large herds of something slowly moving about. We were told they were buffalo, and they were moving toward the river. I was all expectation. My breech-loading Sharps rifle was soon in trim; saw that plenty of cartridges were in their place in my belt. I was on the north side of the river and those immense herds of buffaloes on the south, and the river a half mile wide between. But when a man in this country wants to accomplish anything he really wants to do it "bad," all owing to the climate no doubt. We had no opportunity to cross the river only

afoot. The water was not deep, but this cold November morning considerable ice was formed over the eddy channels. The Platte river as a rule is broken up into channels with sand-bars intervening. Arriving at the bank of the river we removed our boots and boldly ventured into the icy waters. The ice would break under our feet; nothing daunted us so we hurried across. After arriving on the opposite side of the river we could now see the buffalo plainly coming toward us. The nearest herd seemed to be advancing towards a point half a mile below us. To reach the point that the buffaloes might not see us we were under the necessity of creeping along under the bank of the river, some times stepping into the water two feet deep; however, we arrived at the point where we supposed the herd would come to the river. We now had some time to take a view of the situation. The buffalo were coming on slowly but surely; we could plainly discern their size and form. Being the first we ever saw it is needless to say we were not a little nervous. Stories that had been told us of wonderful encounters with wounded buffalo, hair-breadth escapes, came fresh to our mind. Also, were told that when they get near the water they usually run pell mell into the river, those in the rear pushing those in the front out into the water. Now should such be the case, might not I be in great danger? Thus I reasoned. It was not long until they arrived near enough that I could hear their peculiar lowing as they came nearer and nearer. There was one that seemed to be their leader. He was a huge monster of probably two thousand lbs. weight, with many others of similar size. There was fifty to one

hundred in the herd. On they came with heavy tread and swaying motion, stopping now and then to take a view of the situation. I was also taking observations. One has to meet face to face his coveted game as I there did, for the first time to form any idea of our feelings. The herd when within three to four hundred yards, made a long pause as if snuffing danger ahead.

When they started again they did so by making an angle in a direction above me. This was some relief to me. When within a short distance of the river they broke into a rolling run and went like a herd of half-famished beasts into the river, making a terrible plunge and noise like that of a rushing avalanche. There was a bend in the river and banks so high that the herd was hidden from my sight. No sooner was the body of the herd into the river than I sprang up the bank and in a stooping position moved through the deep grass to a point where I could see some of them. On my emerging from my hiding place under the bank of the river those straggling ones of the herd that had not yet got into the river broke and run, evidently much frightened. Selecting for my first shot a fine looking buffalo that stood on a small sand bar drinking out of the edge of the water, I fired and was proud to see my shot was effectual. The report of my gun so frightened the herd that they ran out of the water and stopping for a moment on the bank I had an opportunity to fire at a very fine cow, hitting her in the shoulder. She however, went off on a run, badly wounded; I followed her for several miles into the bluffs but failed to secure her. We skinned the one we killed at the river and in the evening got the meat to camp

where we were glad to rest from our day's hunt. This was our first hunt on the plains, but by no means the last, of which more anon. Having in addition to the buffalo we killed, two antelope, we returned to our home at Greeley pretty well stocked with provision in the meat line.

———:o:———

CHAPTER III.

MASSACRED BY THE INDIANS.

Having spent a few months in Greeley we left the town and moved with our family nearly one hundred miles down the South Platte river, and having thus located far from railroads and where there were but very few settlers we had an opportunity to realize what it was to be isolated from the busy world, and experience frontier life in its true nature. We were almost within a stone's throw of the old American ranch which was noted for being the scene, but a few short years before, of a bloody massacre of some whites by the Indians.

I have frequently seen the graves of the victims and been within the room where the pleadings of a fond mother could not save her dear children. Much blame is laid to the horrible cruelty of the Indians, but often he is incited by revenge to his acts of cruelty. In the case of this massacre there was a circumstance occurred that caused the Indians to take such terrible summary revenge.

The Indians and whites were not on good terms for some time previous. One of the white men killed an Indian and I am told propped him up against the corral wall where others as they passed at some distance could see him. As might be supposed this incited the Indians to vengeance. It was difficult for the Indians to approach the house in day time without being seen. The

whites, who were six in number, three men, one woman and two children, kept a close watch that the Indians might not approach unobserved. This ranch was one at which emigrants frequently put up, it being on the old California route.

The Indians watched their opportunity when no emigrants were present, and under the shelter of night secreted themselves in a depression in the ground some six feet deep that was near the house. Awaiting in the morning until the door was opened and some of the men stepped outside some distance from the house, the Indians, over a hundred in number, made a rush for the house. As they came they gave vent to loud and terrible yells. The men rushed for their arms but were soon overpowered. One ran for the river, but was overtaken, killed and scalped. The other two men were killed in the house; then come the children's turn. The mother pleaded for them to spare her childreu, but no they would not. They were also killed and the terror stricken mother taken captive by these blood-thirsty savages and carried off with them. Her sufferiugs and sorrows with the events of her life while in captivity would, if enumerated, fill a volume. In course of time she was bought out of captivity and is now living in Nebraska—or at least was not long since.

The three murdered men and two children were decently buried near the bank of the broad flowing Platte. Whenever we would see their graves we would think of the horrors of that eventful morning.

But a short distance above the American ranch, was another ranch owned and kept by a man named Godfrey.

The Indians now thirsty for more blood made an attack on this ranch also; but the inmates were not taken by surprise. There were at the ranch at the time, Godfrey's wife, another woman, and a hired man and several children. All took quarters for safety in a circular fort house built of sod. As the Indians came up a deadly fire was kept up, the women loading the guns and the men firing them. Several of the Indians were killed, which caused the others to retreat to a safe distance. The women wore hats and kept marching back and forth, making the Indians who could see them believe that the fort was full of men. In this way they were kept back though they would not leave; it was thought they had sent for reinforcements. At night one of the men at the ranch slyly got away on a swift horse and apprised the soldiers at the fort, thirty miles further up, and by daylight they arrived and on their approach the Indians left and thus was prevented another bloody massacre.

———:o:———

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

Over a thousand Indians had come into the South Platte Valley, in Colorado, and were camped at different points along the river between Buffalo and Julesburg, a station on the U. P. R. R. In company with a number of settlers we set out on a trip from Buffalo, our place of residence, to Julesburg, a distance of 75 miles. We all had in view the object of trading some with the Indians. The first night we camped near by where a large number of the Indians had pitched their tents. One of the most notable features about an Indian camp is the many dogs which as you pass along keep up a din of noise and confusion that is quite annoying. The little dusky-boys and girls add to the tumult by hallooing "sick," "sick," at the dogs, which is the Indian phrase to call a dog to them. When a choice feast is to be gotten up by the Indian cook, in consideration of some important event or honored guest, a roast dog figures conspiculously in the bill of fare! We noticed many of the squaws and maidens coming into camp with enormous loads of brush wood. Like many of the white "Lords of creation," the Indian man is either too lazy or aristocratic to work, hence makes slaves of his wives or daughters. Our camp was thronged with Indians eager for a trade of some kind. They offered blankets, robes, lariates, moccasins, bows and arrows, and trinkets of various kinds in ex-

change for guns, pistols, ammunition, bread and sugar and coffee, or dry goods of any kind. Many of the Indians are sharp on a trade while others seem to know but little of the value of commodities. I have seen some trade goods, to the value of a dollar for a pint of sugar. Of course no honest man would thus trade, even with an Indian.

To guard against having our horses stolen by the Indians, our wagons were placed in a position forming a circle, inside of which our horses were placed, and our beds made upon the ground. Resuming our journey in the morning, about ten o'clock in the day we came near another camp of the Indians. Hundreds of ponies were grazing on the wide green bottom through which our road ran. Some of those Indians are quite wealthy. They regard their wealth in the number of ponies they own. Some dress quite extravagantly. One young man whom we imagined to be the son of a Chief rode with us some distance. His neck, ears and breast were loaded with glittering trinkets. His buckskin suit was gorgeouly trimmed with fringes, tassals and stripes of red and blue. On his head he wore a fur cap or turban, made out of the skin of a swift (a species of fox). The feathers that decked the same were such that the vain girls of fashion might have envied, even in civilized society. He carried a Sharp's rifle, with a complete hunter's outfit, and in proudly mien sat upon his beautiful horse, as erect as a perpendicular arrow. He seemed to say in the expression of his appearance, "I am lord of all I survey, and content in all my glory."

Further on we had the privilege of seeing an exciting

race of about twenty mounted Indians after three deer that they had driven from an island in the river. Soon the deer separated and a number of the Indians took after each deer. When the deer would run into the shallow channel of the river, the Indians would plunge in also, making the water splash in sheets on either side. When on the grassy bottom, it was a race full of the greatest excitement. The Indians while riding at full speed kept up an almost continual shooting at the fleeing deer. It seemed their rifle balls mostly missed their aim. However, after a race of some miles two of the deer were killed. The Indians were but a few minutes in skinning and dissecting the carcasses of their slain game. They suffer nothing to go to waste. A little boy was riding along beside our wagon, when another larger boy, which we took to be the brother of the other, came galloping up with something in his fingers from which the blood was dripping, and he handed it to the little boy who ate it seemingly with the relish a child would a stick of candy. It was a piece of the warm liver of one of the slain deer.

As we pursued our journey Indians were to be seen on every hill, some chasing the fleet antelope, some returning from their hunt with pieces of meat hanging across their ponies, not unfrequently we would meet one with a skunk or two dangling from the saddle. This species of game is also eaten by the Indians, as are also rattle snakes and prairie dogs! When a buffalo or any larger game is killed the women are sent out with a pony (on either side of which a long pole is fastened, the rear end dragging on the ground) to bring in the meat. The two

poles make a drag, and forms the only vehicle of locomotion used by the savage Indians. In moving, the "tepee" poles are thus lashed to the sides of their ponies and their camp equipage stacked on. Sometimes the old feeble women or pappoos, may be seen riding on the drag. Going over rough ground the spring of the poles make the passengers bob up and down like a piece of drift wood on a mad stream.

On our return trip, one day while camping at noon, two Chiefs came up and made themselves quite sociable. They could speak English very well for Indians. We learned much from them concerning their tribe, the Sioux. They did not refuse to take dinner with us—an Indian never does refuse an opportunity to eat, especially when coffee and plenty of sugar is to figure in the meal.

Arriving at Sarinda where there was a post office and a small store, we found scores of Indians swarming around the place, all eager either to trade or beg. They are adepts at the latter. Here we parted from the last of our company, and yet we had ten miles to drive to reach our home and family.

For several miles we were annoyed by the Indians who would gallop up and want something. Arriving at a ranch we went in to deliver a letter, and found the lady of the house and two small children at home. Her husband was from home, and a son some twelve years old had gone to a neighbor's house. As I was about to pass on, two Indians were seen coming at full speed directly toward the house. The woman requested me to remain until the Indians would leave, as they had been trouble-

some all day, and she had given them all the prepared food she had in the house. When they rode up to the door I asked what they wanted; they said something to eat. Giving them to understand there was nothing for them, that other Indians had eaten all the food, they mounted their horses and rode off. Three more were seen coming at full speed. As they came up, one, the oldest threw himself from his pony and attempted to pass the woman, who was standing in the doorway. She placed both hands against the breast of the dusky savage and pushed him back, at the same time saying "No Sir! you can't come in here. That game is played out!" I saw at once he was angry. To be interfered with by a "pale faced squaw," as the Indians say, was an insult of great magnitude in the estimation of the Indian. The enraged Indian leaped upon his pony and instead of leaving sat there with the rest in a surly, stubborn manner, as much as to say, "we will leave when we get ready." I was getting impatient, pointing to the setting sun and then to their camp, I gave them to understand it was time to go. But there they sat as though riveted to the spot. Again I urged them to leave and suiting an action to my words I placed my hand on the side of the head of one of the ponies next to me, and quietly turned it to one side. Almost as quick as thought the old insulted Indian who was further off, gave a yell and his pony sprang forward, and at the same moment the Indian clutched me by the collar and violently pushed me forward. The only weapon of defense I had was a heavy whip. By the use of the heavy end of it I succeeded in getting him to loose his-vice like grip upon me. His

eyes fairly flashed with rage. I shall never forget the look of that savage. With all the calmness I could command I looked at him as much as to say, "We fear you not." One of the other Indians said something and they all turned and galloped off. Were we writing fiction instead facts we might have unfolded a bloody tale of an imaginaay nature. It was enough for us; we prefer to have nothing to do with those treacherous savages.

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CHAPTER V.

ASCENT OF LONG'S PEAK.—TROUT FISHING.

All aboard for the mountains! was the cry on the morning of the 20th of August, as we rolled away from our home in the country for a week's ramble in the mountains—the glorious, the grand, the awe inspiring mountains. Our party consisted of the Rev. S. C. Bashor, of St. Vrain, Rev. H. H. Folck and J. G. Rowland, of Iowa, both here for their health, J. C. Funderburgh of Greeley, Colorado; O. Moherman of Ashland, Ohio, and your humble servant the editor in chief of the Home Mirror. The presence of three preachers in the company of six was no evangelical reason why the trip should not be an enjoyable one. Our "outfit" was made up of a two horse wagon with cover tied "a la pull-back" fashion that we might see all the surroundings. A camp tent, camp stove, buffalo robes, blankets and other necessary bedding, overcoats, rubbers, umbrellas, boxes and sacks of provisions, cooking utensils, table furniture, guns and amunition, fishing tackle, feed for our team, picket ropes, with other things "too tedious to mention."

It was the boarding school miss who said she did not see how one little head could contain so much, likewise

we wondered how one wagon could hold so much and leave room for half a dozen passengers. Our drive soon brought us to the mouth of the St. Vrain canon, where on either side of the stream may be seen large irrigating canals one after another to the number of eight or ten verging out farther and farther into the broad rolling plains, like so many great arteries to give life and vigor to the farms that lie stretched out as far as the eye can see. No sooner do we get fairly into the canon than the scenery becomes highly interesting. The fortresses of nature loom up in grandeur and great beauty environed on the right and left by high cliffs rent and riven as by the thunders of by gone ages, we had food for thought and speculation enough to puzzle the brain of the most enthusiastic geologist. Time would fail us to tell of the wonders of those grand old hills, hence we must pass on. At noon we halted under a sturdy old pine near by one of those cool springs that gush from beneath the rocky cliffs. The cloth was spread upon the "lap of earth" and our first meal "camping out" taken. While eating, the six-horse stage running from Longmont to Estes Park, came thundering along loaded with passengers who seemed joyous and happy. In due course of time we were again on the way, now going north, then south, then west as we rounded some high cliff or wended our way up some deep chasm, crossing streams, climbing hills, and now and then rolling along through a grassy park where waved a very sea of flowers of every imaginable hue and variety. The magpies, the robins, the blue birds, with many others of the feathery tribe, all seemed happy

and joyous and added new interest to the varied scenes. The sun was nearing the western horizon when we entered the "vestibule," lawn or park through which we have an entrance to the far famous Estes park. Soon after entering this park we pitched our tent for the night. Our camp stove was set out and soon supper "steaming hot" was ready, to which all did ample justice. Then our horses were picketed out on "green pastures" using stakes and long ropes for the purpose. Our beds were made upon the ground in the tent and soon all were in the land of dreams. Fresh and full of new life, in the morning we wended our way full of expectancy of the grand feast in store for us when we should reach the farther end of this inclined plane. Exclamations of joy and admiration burst from the party, when suddenly to our view Estes Park was spread out before our admiring eyes. Surrounded by high rugged mountains the sides and shoulders studded with pines, there lay the noble park with its verdant lawn, green trees and through the midst of it flowed the broad, crystal stream of the Thompson. Herds of cattle and horses were feeding upon its banks. The whole scene was one suggestive of the land of Canaan or a paradise of God. Entering the gate, we soon were in the midst of the park. Mt. Olympus on the right, reared its bald, craggy head a thousand or more feet above us; Long's Peak to the left as the grand sentinel of all those mighty mountains of Divine power, hid his colossal head in the clouds. West of us were the snow capped peaks where the "eternal" snows lay year after year, seeming to bid defiance to the genial rays of old Sol. We made but a

PACKED UP FOR TRAVEL.

short halt at the first hotel, passed on through the park passing in full view of the Park Hotel, a $20,000 house. We were overtaken as we passed by the Earl of Dunraven who was out with two ladies riding. The Earl, we were told, owns ten thousand acres of this beautiful park. He passes much of his time hunting with his friends. Soon after leaving Estes Park we passed by Lily Lake, which is a lake in the mountains probably a mile in length and the surface of the lake is almost completely covered with large water lilies. Arriving at Elder Lamb's in Sister Park, we left our wagon and set out to make the ascent of Long's Peak. We packed our bedding, tent and some provisions on our two beasts of burden and set out on "Mountain Jim's" trail; a heavy rain soon set in but on we went, up, up, through the timber, along the zigzag path over rocks and around precipitous points we wended our way nearing timber line; suddenly we came into an open space where, on looking down through a deep mountain gorge, we saw a most magnificent sight. One end of a broad and gorgeously painted rainbow lay below us. To thus look down upon such a rainbow in such a place was a scene we can no more describe than we could the glory of the "third heavens."

Arriving at timber line (which is as far up as timber grows) we halted and prepared to camp for the night; we soon had going a roaring log fire which was necessary to dry our drenched clothing. The light of our fire attracted to our camp a jack rabbit which served as a target for our camp artillery. The rabbit was killed and the editor had a sore arm the rest of that night

owing to the back action of the gun. However, he was up bright and early next morning and left camp, climbing to a high point on the mountain to see the sun rise, and we were well paid for our pains. Looking far out across thirty miles of mountains that lay seemingly at our feet and then a hundred miles or more across the plains we could see the glow of the coming sun shining against the horizon. Out of what seemed a hazy, misty blue ocean the glowing rim of the sun came slowly peeping up and when fully up the sheen of splendor that paved the pathway of its rays across the plains was glorious indeed. Hastening back to camp we found breakfast awaiting us which after having disposed of we set out to make the final ascent of Long's Peak which still held his hoary rifted head 6,000 feet above us—yes near or quite a mile above where we were (measuring straight up.)

Our route was somewhat circuitous. Over the "Boulder Field," the "Sea of Rocks," across a huge bank of snow, where we noticed a bear had preceeded us but a short time. For the last mile our route was over one continuous bed of huge rocks piled on each other. A stream of water from the melting snows coursed its way among the rocks ever and anon coming out into the sunlight. This water was pure as the dews of heaven, clear as the crystal fount of Paradise and as cold we imagine as the drippings from the north pole. The last few feet before reaching the "Keyhole" is very rough and steep, but on arriving at the "Keyhole" (which is a peculiar opening under and between rocks that admits of a passage across the rugged spur of the

peak,) one is amply repaid for their trouble in climbing thus far. The scenery is terrible and grand beyond description; one's head grows dizzy in looking down thousands of feet to the silvery stream and lakes that are seen nestling away down there in such passing beauty and quietude. Beyond are the high and rugged cliffs. Many persons in attempting the ascent of Long's Peak never get beyond this point. We passed on and by missing the trail we soon found ourselves climbing over steep and dangerous precipices. To lose our footing would have insured certain destruction upon the rocks thousands of feet below. By one another's assistance over dangerous places we all arrived at the great draw or trough that leads up the sides of the cliff, one side was full of snow and ice. Now the ascent was up, up, steeper and steeper it became; the air being so very light we could only climb a short distance and then rest and thus we continued to climb for several thousand feet; often the loose rocks would slide from under our feet, yet we toiled on and on, at last another spur was crossed and now, oh! what a dizzy height to look over into that great abyss. Stout must be the heart of the one that can look over and down that one mile of precipices and not quail at the sight. And now see our pathway along that narrow shelf scarcely three feet in width; a perpendicular cliff a thousand feet high on one side and a yawning, almost bottomless gulf beneath our feet on the other, but summoning courage we pass along this "narrow way" a hundred yards or more and now come around on the southeast side of the peak and see at last where we must climb to reach the long looked for

top. What? must we climb these huge, slab cliffs set up as they are at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees? It is the only chance. Eager now to reach the top we venture on, sometimes climbing on hands and knees, the ragged edges of the rocks to hold to, and sometimes we can only get foothold by crowding our feet into the cracks of the rocks. Should we lose our footing we would be hurled thousands of feet below. At last we reached the top. We forget our pains and fears in contemplation of the grand panorama spread out around us. Passing to the west side and looking over oh! what a scene meets our eye. We are above the clouds; as we look down on the rolling clouds it seems as if we were looking into the ocean of eternity. In our imagination we pictured out such a scene as this when in the beginning God made the heavens and the earth and all was yet void. As the thick clouds strike the side of the old peak they roll up in volumes of mist as though the boiling caldron of Tophet was beneath our feet. Having brought up with us some materials necessary to make some experiments at this high altitude of over 14,300 feet above the sea level, we soon had water boiling (using alcohol for fuel) and boiled three eggs for dinner. It took ten minutes boiling to cook them to a state that would be called soft boiled eggs. The air is so light at that elevation that water boils at a much lower temperature than lower down, this is why it takes longer to cook anything at a higher altitude. There were times when the clouds would pass by, then we had a grand view on every side. The plains lay out before us like a great map. The streams, lakes, farms, cities,

towns, all added great beauty to the scene. West of us rivers and parks, lakes and snow-capped mountains stretched out in one grand expanse of grandeur.

Only think of it, there was spread around us a grand panoramic view of nature in all her varied beauty for a circuit of six hundred miles. As far as the eye could see by the aid of a good glass the handiwork of Omnipotence has spread out as in the immensity of space. Could we help but feel like saying, "Oh! God how wonderful are thy works."

This, one of the most massive and grand peaks of the North American Continent stands out from the surrounding mountains and looms up portentously, as one of God's fingers pointing away to His throne above the stars. How one's soul swells at the sight of heaven's ineffable grandeur, and his thoughts fill to overflowing while drinking in the beauty, wonder and magnificence of nature as held up by nature's God. We fain would have lingered longer upon this stupendous mount of nature and "viewed the landscape o'er," but nay we could not stay. Our descent was perilous but we all came down in safety and arrived in camp tired but satisfied with our day's experience and accomplishments. Early next morning we packed our "traps" and set out to make the further descent to where we left our wagon. On our way down we met several parties who were on their way up to make the ascent of the peak; among the number were several ladies going up as far as timber line on horse back. They clung to their steeds with the gallantry of Highland cavaliers. A stirrup on each side their saddle and a dainty little foot in each was ad-

missible under the circumstances and a right any woman has in this "land of the free, and home of the brave."

Arriving at Elder Lamb's again, we got some of the best milk and butter we ever tasted; we had a late breakfast and then were off for the waters where the sporting trout make their home. Arriving about noon upon the banks of the North St. Vrain we pitched our tent and each one eager for the prey, set out to tempt the cunning beauties to take either a grasshopper or an artificial fly. The first fish the unscientific editor had flying in the air was a beauty about a foot in length. As he did not feel disposed to enter into the excitement too much on the start he passed a part of the afternoon resting in the tent reading glowing accounts in "Scribner" of trout fishing in Maine which probably was something to boast of in that country, but here we intended on the morrow to beat it if we could. To say how many trout disappeared as they came from the frying pan that evening would hardly be credited so we won't tell, suffice it to say excited brains require large quantities of "brain food."

Of course we all had a splendid night's rest, to say nothing of that "ghost" one of our party shot at during the night. (Who said it was a white stump?)

Bright and early all were off with fishing poles, ready to bag the unsuspecting trout by the score. We went to where the stream rolled over high rocks, cascade fashion, and soon had the shiny speckled beauties flying from the seething, whirling water high into the air and upon the bank; sometimes they would lodge, line and

all, twenty feet up in the branches of a fir tree. To get the line disentangled came in as that part of the sport called "delightfully aggravating." Sometimes the big fish would snap a hook—that too was delightful as far as it went—especially to see it flop out into the air and give a good showing of his three pound body and then disappear. Following down the stream we finally came to a dam formed by a lot of drift wood, here the fish were so plenty and eager to bite that scarcely did the tempting bait touch the water until one had it. This was what we would call live sport, we were so intent in it that we scarcely noticed the gathering clouds or paid attention to the rolling thunder until the rain began to come down in torrents. Three miles from camp and a load of fish to carry over slippery rocks and through deep grass was not so pleasant to take in. How true, every sweet has its bitter. Our bitter had come, however, we were equal to the emergency, we all arrived at camp "soaking wet." What piles of fish were around that camp! What beauties they were, fresh from those icy waters! The number caught would tally in the hundreds, what it would have been had it not rained we cannot say; it continued to rain all the afternoon. A good log fire was built under a large pine; standing around the fire with umbrellas we managed to get "dried out" though it was past 10 o'clock at night before myself and J. C. F. rolled in for sweet repose. Next morning was bright and beautiful—Sunday morning—therefore the fish would not be disturbed in their liquid home by us this day. After a repast of trout and "flap-jacks"—a meal fit for a king—we "broke" camp and came into Estes

Park where we camped. This was our last camping out and it was a pleasant one. Seated around a large fire of pitch pine the most of the company indulged in singing pleasant songs, the echoing melody sounded strangely beautiful there on the stillness of the night. The stars gave audience and all nature seemed wrapped in sweet repose. Oh! how we love to steal awhile away from the busy haunts of the noisy world and recuperate our tired brain, revive our weakened energies and then come forth anew to the battle of life.

Next day in due time we arrived at home and for some days to come, had trout to eat with the home folks.

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CHAPTER VI.

RAMBLINGS IN WYOMING TERRITORY.

Aboard the morning express, we left Longmont en route for Wyoming Territory on a missionary tour. Seventy-five miles north brought us to Cheyenne; thence we took passage aboard one of those superb trains that grace the U. P. R. R. Westward ho! was the watch-word as we were hurled along. Crossing the Laramie plains we encountered a driving snow storm ; the wind blew a furious gale. Arriving at Lookout Station about 10 o'clock at night, the conductor informed the passengers there was an engine off the track just ahead. We knew what that meant; nothing short of a long delay. The train hands worked all night in the storm, and next day until 10 o'clock, before our train could pass. When we did get started the train whirled along at a fearful speed around the short curves that are common in the rough country—an extension of the Black Hills—through which we passed. A thick growth of sage brush covered the entire face of the country. After passing through a tunnel we suddenly emerged into the valley of the North Platte, crossing the same on a trestle bridge; we stopped at the Government Post, Fort Fred Steele, 180 miles west from Cheyenne. We noticed a number of Uncle Sam's "boys in blue" around. There are a dozen or more log houses scattered about, a stone hospital, station house, and post-traders' store. It was 3 P. M. when we

arrived at the Fort. Our friend, L. L. Wagoner, that had come to meet us, was on hand, having waited patiently. We soon were off by wagon for a 35 miles drive up to the North Platte river. After driving about eight miles we came to the first ranch situated on a small tributary stream; it was then about sundown, but we pushed on; our road lead us across a promontory running down into the bend of the river; we came into the old emigrant overland trail; by the light of the innumerable host twinkling stars we could see the broad beaten track over which so many wended their way toward the land of gold, and later to the States and Territories that lie on the Pacific Slope. We thought of an only sister, a brother and a father that had, years long since gone by, traveled over that same road.

Some distance on we left the main road, and traveling on in rather a careless manner, we found we had lost the road. While trying to find it we were revolving in our mind the prospect of camping out on the lonely plain among the sage brush; however, Mr. Wagoner found the road and by and by we came to the next ranch on our route, being 20 miles from the station we had left at 3 P. M. The house was located in a kind of a cove near the river. In answer to a knock on the door we were kindly invited in by the woman of the house whom we found to be a lady of more than ordinary intelligence and culture. The surroundings denoted this was a home of wealth and comfort, though situated in what is termed the wilds of the west. There stood the organ, and various paintings hung upon the wall, to say nothing of the many attractions that make home look

pleasant. It is needless to say we had a pleasant night's rest and a sumptuous breakfast in the morning. Mr. Frank Earnest, the proprietor. was away shipping cattle to Chicago, he being the owner of thousands that roam upon the plains. His young wife, our kind hostess, often accompanies her husband upon the long cattle hunts upon the plains. She is a good rider as well as a good shot with the rifle. On her first hunt she killed two antelope and a sage hen ; since then she has killed others. On one hunt she stood by her husband as he killed a huge bear. She has running about the house a tame mountain sheep which she reared from the time of its capture, it then being but a little lamb.

The morning was bright as we pulled out on our journey. After fording the river we verged off westward, and crossing the country came to Spring Creek that takes its rise up in the snowy range. On this creek we found a number of new settlers, all more or less engaged in the stock business. About noon we arrived at the home of Mr. Wagoner, where we found a pleasant home and kind friends. At 3 P. M. we attended our first appointment for divine service at Mr. C. L. Wells', who but recently came from the pleasant walks of city life to try the novel, but independent life of a stock man on the range. He, with his interesting family and friends that are with him, treated us with marked kindness and Christian courtesy. Mr. Wells has an excellent organ, and is a great lover of music. Since the settlement of that section of country there never had been any public preaching there until we went among them. They have organized a Sunday-school, and as the majority of the

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settlers on the creek are of a religious turn of mind we have reason to believe the society will be preferable to many other localities on the frontier. In our judgment, that section of country is one most admirably adapted to stock raising, that is cattle and horses. There is a large proportion of hay land, good farm land, water sufficient to irrigate a considerable area of land, timber for building purposes convenient, so that taking all in all we can recommend it to those who want to "go west."

The Warm Springs are a few miles below on the Platte river. Those Springs have a good reputation owing to the great virtues of the waters which are so hot as to have to be cooled before one can bathe in them. The present proprietor has done but little to improve them, so as to be attractive. A company talked of taking hold of them and putting up extensive buildings.

On election day, through the kindness of Mr. Wells, we were driven to the Springs that we might interview the place. There are, probably, a dozen neat log houses there, a post office, store, boarding house and bath rooms.

It was quite a novel sight to us to see the husband and wife walk up together to the polls and each put in their vote, and to see women electioneering; of course, there, where both sexes vote at all elections they go about it in the same business manner that the "lords of creation" do when they alone have a right to vote. Women voting, in the minds of many, is but a "bugbear." We could see nothing "terrible" or "awful" about it. Why an intelligent, sensible, honest, moral woman of property should have no vote, while an illite-

rate, drunken sot can be held up to vote, is a question worthy of some consideration.

While we were sojourning among the people on Spring Creek we took occasion to try our hand some little in hunting. One morning we went out to see if we could "take in" some antelope, they being very plenty there. On going down the creek we soon saw a large herd coming in from the bluffs, but they passed ahead of us. We then went to the bluffs and soon saw three running from the bottom toward the bluffs; just as they were about to pass up a ravine we let our gun (Sharp's best) "talk." The three ran on, but on going up where we could see them we found one had laid down; a party coming along just then put their dog on it, but it was too badly wounded by our shot to go far; we soon had it dressed, ready to be taken to the house. Just then we noticed another herd coming in; they were received with a salute from several guns, but all got away safely. We then waited some time when we noticed a herd passing about a mile above us; they passed into the bottom near a house where some men were at work; several dozen shots were fired at them which turned them back to the bluffs. Two were killed out of the herd before they came within gun range for us; our time came and just as they were about to pass us on the run we pulled trigger and had the satisfaction to see one of the largest tumble and the rest of the herd ran over it. In an instant we had another cartridge in the gun, but by our carelessness it was prematurely discharged, or we would most likely have dropped another. Our partner also killed one out of the same herd. Having three we returned to the house.

There being plenty of elk, black deer and bear in the mountains we wanted to go and hunt for them. In company with friend P. R. Wagoner we set out with the wagon for a hunt in the mountains. I was supplied with a number one Sharp's rifle, fifty rounds of ammunition, and a knife in my belt. By the time we got to camp in the mountains a snow storm was under good headway. We reconoitered around camp in a circuit of some miles, but no luck. It snowed very rapidly off and on all afternoon.

As we were sitting in camp by the log fire about sundown, three fine black deer came walking up the gulch towards us, stopping occasionally to look at the unusual appearance of things. Having waited until they came within good range we prepared to receive them; by a misunderstanding I shot too soon for my friend, and they all ran down the gulch with Mr. Wagoner in pursuit, and a short distance below he killed one. It was a nice one; some of those black deer will dress from two hundred to two hundred fifty pounds each, and the meat is the finest I ever ate. From a portion of the meat of the one he killed we had a splendid supper, and then in due time we prepared our bed under the wagon. Our rifles we took to bed with us, or rather they lay by our side just under the cover, loaded and ready for action. It is not an unusual thing for bear to visit the camp at night and carry off the game. We intended to fight for our fine specimen of game rather than let Bruin have it. It snowed and stormed all night; we got an extra covering for our bed, to say nothing of the coating of snow in our hair. Next morning our boots were frozen, so we

WALLE PROVISIONED RANCH. (55)

waded out through eight inches of snow to the fire where we had to thaw our boots before we could get them on. It still was stormy, so we concluded to pull out for home, or we might not be able to get out; before we left, an antelope was killed and dumped into the wagon with the deer. Owing to the storm we failed to get among the elk or have a shot at a cinnamon or grizzly bear as we hoped to do; better luck next time, we trust.

Spring Creek, the locality mentioned above, is about sixty miles from the place Thornburg had his battle with the Indians last Fall and about seventy-five miles from the White River Agency or Indian Reservation. The Cherokee trail passes immediately through that section and many thousands of cattle pass every year on the drive from California, Oregon and other sections of the West. The native cattle that we saw up there were as fat as we ever saw cattle anywhere. We are told they go through the winter in excellent condition without any feed only what they get on the range.

On the morning of the 8th of November we set out in company with J. J. Wagoner for the Fort. About 2 P. M. a severe snow storm set in; being in an open wagon it was disagreeable, but we faced the driving storm for fifteen miles across the uninhabited plain; once we had about concluded to leave the wagon and make our way on horseback; however, we wended our way on, crossed the river after night and finally got to the Fort all right.

Next morning we left aboard the express homeward bound, where we arrived in due time.

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CHAPTER VII.

SECOND TRIP INTO WYOMING.

Aboard the express, we left Longmont northward bound. The large area of land along the route as far as Ft. Collins, brought into cultivation within the last few years is one of the conclusive evidences that Colorado, as an agricultural state, is by no means a failure, and the numerous stacks of grain show that the husbandman is well paid for his labors. The day was a beautiful one, the snowy range in its white garb looking magnificent. At Cheyenne, the seat of Government of Wyoming Territory, we changed cars and soon were rolling along over the smooth bed of the U. P. R. R. westward. Before reaching Sherman we entered the broken country adjacent the Black Hills, which are plainly visible in the north-west. To the south and south-west the grand old Rockies loom up in majestic splendor, and at Sherman, the highest Railroad point in the world, we realize the fact we are upon the backbone of the American Continent. Leaving Sherman we soon go down a western slope into the Laramie plains, where thousands of stock roam at large and feed upon the nutritious grasses. Again we enter a rough and broken country, and night closes around us.

About midnight we arrive at Fort Fred Steele, situ-

ated on the North Platte River 180 miles west of Cheyenne. At the station we were met by friends who piloted us to their camp on the Platte amid the green cottonwoods. The rest of the night we spent in refreshing sleep under the wide canopy of Heaven.

A signal gun at the fort gave notice the sun was rising. Breakfast was prepared by the camp fire, savory antelope meat was one of the things we ate with a relish.

In company with our friends we traveled by team up the Platte valley. On our route we gathered some very fine moss and wood agates that abound in certain localities.

By the side of a sparkling stream of water we took dinner. Soon after resuming our journey we came to the Warm Springs, situated in Carbon county, the water of one of the springs is hot enough to cook an egg, so said. We imagine those springs some day will be a noted resort for the public, at present they are in the hands of a man who is not likely to improve them much.

Leaving the Platte we traveled some distance up one of its tributaries, arriving after night at Mr. L. L. Wagoner's, our place of destination, some 35 miles from Fort Steele.

Here we found a few families who have maintained their integrity even amid frontier life. They are not slack in their sociability, generosity, and desire to uphold christian and intellectual culture. No religious services had been held there for about a year before our

visit. They have a good school house and school in session.

This section of the territory, as is the case where I travelled in my journey, is almost entirely devoted to stock raising, though vegetables and some of the cereals may be successfully raised. Stock raising pays from 50 to 60 per cent. on investment, as a general thing-cattle and horses run at large on the plains, and are "rounded up" once in the spring when the young are branded, and once in the fall when the choicest are culled out and sent to market. Sheep husbandry pays equally as well as cattle.

On Monday morning we set out with a party of two others for a two days hunt in the mountains. With one of Winchesters latest improved repeating rifles and 60 rounds of ammunition "ye editor" felt as though he might cope with such game as Bear, Elk, and Deer that it was said abounded in the regions to which we contemplated going. Each of the party rode horse back, and upon two other animals were packed our provisions, cooking utensils, bedding, etc. Our procession was a novel one, however all set out in good spirits. After a ride of a few miles we entered amid the foot hills, and as we proceeded further on, the way became more difficult. The forests were strewn with fallen timber, the mountain sides steep and rocky. Only to persons used to such a way of travelling into the mountains did it seem possible we could make any progress. Our horses were used to climbing over fallen timber and steep mountain sides, therefore we felt safe.

Just after having entered a very thick body of green

timber, two fine black deer were seen just ahead of us. Bang, bang, went the guns and down came one of them. After dressing it, the carcass was hung upon a tree, and we proceeded on, climbing the steep mountain sides until late in the day, near the snowy regions, we came to a small park where grass was fine, and here we camped. We were now where bear and elk was said to abound. It was near here that one of our party only a short time before had an encounter with a grizzly bear of huge dimension. By the time dinner was over it was four o'clock. Each of the party then set out in different directions in quest of game. I took a circuitous route without finding any game until near sundown, when suddenly I came upon a herd of elk and a number of black deer that were quietly grazing together. Before I could get a shot at them they became aware of my presence, and with their caudal appendage erect, they went on a general stampede through the timber. I followed on for about half a mile when I came up with the elk as they were wading in a lake of considerable size. Having a good position upon the side of the cliff, I commenced pouring a volley from my rifle into their midst. They at once turned and came out upon the bank, the timber was large and stood thick upon the ground, but as they passed an open space I had the opportunity to get in some good shots, but with what success I could not tell until going down to the spot, when I found I had slain three elk out of the herd, two of them very fine ones. A full grown elk will sometimes net four to five hundred pounds. I at once set out for camp to get help in the dressing of the carcasses. I was of the im-

pression the canyon from the lake led to camp, so I hurried on down the same. After going about a mile I concluded I had made a mistake, and in a bewildered state of mind, soon was conscious of the fact I was lost; night was closing in, and as one might imagine, I began to feel quite uneasy there amidst those rugged mountains, invested as they were with ravenous wild beasts. Believeing I had taken down a canyon too far to the north, I at once resolved to scale the large mountain ridge south of me. Up, up, I hastened, on over fallen timber until I felt I was almost exhausted. About half way up I stopped beside a huge fallen tree to rest. It was now dark, I concluded to fire a signal of distress that those at camp might respond, that I might find my way in. As I was in the act of working the mechanical arrangement which places the cartridge in the barrel of the gun, the cartridge suddenly exploded throwing the contents directly into my face. It was a painful accident, as my eyes were badly burned and the powder entered into the flesh of my face. It was some little time before I could see sufficiently to press on in my efforts to reach camp. The shattered shell got fast in the gun so I could not fire a signal. I finally reached the top of the mountain, and as hastily as possible under the circumstance started down the opposite side; soon I heard the sound of a gun shot at camp; it was a great relief, my friends at intervals continued the signal until I at last reached camp, completely exhausted. I threw myself upon some bedding and called for water to quench my burning thirst and alleviate the pain in my eyes and face. Having told the rest of the company at camp of

my success in killing game, they went and dressed it that night. By an occasional application of cold water to my eyes and face I was able to pass the night without great suffering; for some days my eyes pained me considerable. Having the powder picked out of my face, in due time I came out all right.

As it was expected that the carcasses of the slain elk would attract bear to the spot, myself, with another of the party, went at day break to the spot, but Mr. Bruin had not yet found the feast. I had a good opportunity to kill some black deer, but as we had all the game we could manage for the time being, we let them go unmolested.

In due time, three of the horses were laden with meat, and we all set out homeward. It is needless to say the trip was a rough one. At one point on our way a huge elk, with massive antlers, passed just in our rear, we let him go his way. Coming to the deer killed the day before, we found a bear had been there and devoured a goodly portion of it. The hams and hide were taken and tied on to the saddle of one of the party who was riding a mule. Stopping at noon to unpack the horses that they might feed and rest, quite an exciting incident occurred. The rope that held the deer, hide, etc., on to the saddle of the mule, was loosened, the load slipped over on to his under side, in a moment he lit out, as shot from a gun, over rocks and fallen timber, every leap he made he kicked, as only a mule can kick, the dangling load, pell-mell he went crashing through the dead timber. The animal had a regular circus, gotten up in hasty style, which to the spectators was as diver-

ting as it was ludicrous. The final of the drama was a broken girth and complete wreck of the saddle, and a mass of jelly meat, not to say anything of an almost featherless grouse that hung to the saddle tree. The halter rope became entangled in the timber, and when the mule was found he was standing as docile as a donkey and as innocent looking as a lamb, as much as to say: "I never done a reckless trick in my life."

After dinner, and the process of re-packing the horses was over, we proceeded on; presently a herd of black deer was run into, the temptation was to strong for the Nimrods; one was killed outright, and another badly wounded. The one killed was a very large one; would net probably 200 pounds; after dressing it we left it on the point of a rocky cliff, some of the party expecting to go and take it home next day. Soon after getting "out of the woods," and climbing to some barren ridges it began snowing and storming, however we got into the "ranches" a little after night, tired and quite unwell, but a good fire, supper, and night's rest, set us squarely on our feet again, ready for another start, this time into North Park for a four or five days hunt, prospecting tour and pleasure trip.

Next morning we began preparations for the contemplated trip. This time we packed our "traps" in a wagon. Our party consisted of L. L. Wagoner and wife, Joseph J. Wagoner, Samuel Foutz and ye Editor. The two young men mentioned came across the plains during the summer in a "Prairie Schooner." An account of their ramblings will most likely be another valuable acquisition to American literature. We called them the

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"Jolly Rovers," and the name is no misnomer. Their prime object in accompanying us was to engage in trapping for beaver; they had about three dozen traps with them. All ready about noon, so we set "sail" in an eastern direction with fair weather. A short distance brought us to where the stock men were having a general "round up" of cattle; quite a large number of fat bovines were already on hand and other squads were being driven in from different directions. The wagons containing the "grub" and bedding were "corralled" and a number of tents were up and preparations for dinner were in progress. The "cow boys" who, by the way, are minus horns! were galloping to and fro, seemingly eager for the fray of "cutting out" the cattle belonging to the different owners. The appearance of those "boys" (?) are quite novel. Broad-brimmed white hats, breeches of leather, buckskin, or hide of some kind with the hair on, belt, heavy spurs, lariat and a heavy saddle make up some of the accompaniments of a "cow boy." As we passed on, our mind reverted back to the time, some years ago, when we (I) had a short experience as a stock ranger on the broad wild plains.

Four miles drive brought us to Calf Creek; a few stock rangers are located here. Two miles further on we came to Cow Creek; six miles further we crossed the bottoms of Grand Encampment. We were following an old Indian trail made years ago by the Indians in traveling to and fro from the Rocky mountains to the territory bordering on the Pacific coast. They used to camp on this creek in large numbers, hence the name. Along our route antelopes were seen here and there;

just before night one of the party rode ahead (we had a saddle horse along) and prospected for game for our supper and breakfast. He was successful in killing two fine antelopes and wounding another with one shot. The two "Jolly Rovers" were detailed to bring in the hides and what meat was necessary. When they got to camp, six miles further, on Indian Creek, it was after night; we had a good fire burning and supper prepared with the exception of some meat. It was a beautiful eve, the air was bracing, and there in the solitude of our surroundings far from human habitation we really enjoyed ourselves; time passed pleasantly. We made our bed before the fire and there, with no shelter over us but the wide canopy of heaven, we reposed in sweet slumber. While preparations for breakfast were going on, a herd of antelopes was noticed quietly grazing not far off. The temptation to give them a morning salute was great, but as we could not take care of more meat we let them quietly alone. It is contrary to law in the territory of Wyoming to kill more game than can be utilized. After starting on our journey we found antelopes were plenty all around. We asked liberty of the rest of our party to let me kill every one hundreth one we saw. It was not long until we had counted the first one hundred and they seemed to be getting more plenty, so we desisted from our purpose as the probability was we would soon have a big job on our hands. Large herds were noticed here and there; sometimes as many as one hundred or more together.

Four miles from Indian creek we came to Beaver creek. The indications of beaver here were good; our

trappers had a desire to tarry here, but we passed on ten miles further to Big creek, where we camped for dinner near a stock ranch belonging to one of the largest stock owners in the territory, a Mr. Hunter. The hay bottoms are extensive, and he has an enclosure of about 25,000 acres all in one field. He probably has as many head of cattle as he has acres inclosed. Some of his stock ranges outside his inclosure. At a corral a number of persons were engaged branding a herd of something like one hundred Texas ponies that had been driven up from that Southern region. They were poor specimens of the horse kind. Having dined, we went on some five miles, when we turned abruptly to the south, and entered the mountains or foot hills. Before this we were traveling parallel with the mountain range along the valley, crossing the various streams that course their way out of the mountain gorges into the North Platte river, which here runs a north-westernly course. Crossing a high ridge, we descended into a beautiful park, and after traveling some miles we pass through a gap into a much larger park, a part of North Park, the main part of North Park being yet east of us. At a point of timber extending down into the park, and near Big creek, we camped for the night, and, as on the previous night, we built up a huge fire, and felt at home, as much so as it is possible in camp life.

Our bed was made under the spreading branches of a pine tree, where we passed a comfortable night. Arising early, we soon had a roaring log fire under way. Being short of meat—having given away some during the previous day—two of our party set out to kill some

game. After a short tramp one of our Nimrods espied a band of elk quietly feeding on the prairie near a point of timber. His opportunity to get a good shot at them was favorable, but ere he got near enough the other had come across a band of antelope, and his firing at them caused the elk to make a hasty retreat, much to the chagrin of the one who was after them. Several of the antelope were wounded, one of which left the band and took a circuit around in such a way as to near our camp. The dog was put after it, and those at camp had a chance to send a few balls at it. The race was a lively one, and not until it had ran nearly a mile was it captured. Our shooting attracted the attention of the leader of a hunting party who had lain out just across a ridge from us. He soon made his appearance in our camp, tired and hungry, saying he had been without food for near two days. He hailed from Denver, and had got separated from his party, which, luckily for him, were camped a short distance above us. Our breakfast being over, some of the party went prospecting, in order to see what the chances were for trapping beaver. On coming back they reported prospects not encouraging. We then moved our camp several miles further west, from which point the editor and Mr. Wagoner's son set out prospecting for the precious metals. The indications were favorable as respects the geological formations. Some mineral-bearing leads were discovered, but as to them proving to be veritable bonanzas, the future must decide. The night was spent as usual, by our camp-fire, sleeping under the wide canopy of the heavens.

Next morning, part of the party went out hunting

game while we were out as the day before, hunting for what the deep mines bring. After noon we "packed our traps" as the saying is, for "pastures new;" while the team went on a circuitous route, we footed it across a mountain ridge, through fallen timber, and down steep defiles, finding our party awaiting us at the ford of Big creek. Our route lay across another mountain; arriving on the opposite side, we now set out across a broad expanse of plains covered with sage brush; here and there, antelope and black deer roamed at will. Desirous of reaching the banks of the North Platte river before night, we made but little effort to "take in" any game. However, there was one chance we could not resist. We noticed a very fine, large antelope coming toward us. I planned his capture. Bidding one of our "jolly rovers" to lie down among the sage brush, we drove hastily on far enough to cause the antelope to pass in our rear, which he aimed to do; but as he stalked along with a proud carriage, as though he was "monarch of all he surveyed," a shot as sudden as it was unexpected to Mr. Antelope caused him to "bite the dust," with a broken neck. We hastily drove back, dressed the carcass, and took it along, and the hams of this same antelope were a rare treat, at the tables of "Our Home," and his beautiful antlers hang in the office. At night we camped on the banks of the Platte. Early next morning, we parted from our "jolly rovers;" they were to remain and take care of the camp while Mr. Wagoner took us to the nearest railroad point. The "boys" anticipated a pleasant time, as one of them had espied some very fine fish in the river, and the other's eyes had caught a

glimpse of a young maiden at a stock-ranch hard by. Soon after crossing and leaving the Platte, we passed through a gap and entered into North Park proper. The high mountain ranges seemed to run in a circle around a miniature world. The scenery was beautiful to behold; the distance to the south boundry of the park, from where we passed through, was some fifty or sixty miles; the plain in the park is almost level, covered with excellent grass, and thousands of cattle and horses feed thereon. We made a short stop at the soda springs, which some day will doubtless be a great place of resort. It was near sundown when we crossed the Laramie river, and in a "draw," between some rugged red hills, by a little rivulet of water, we camped for the night. It was our last night out in the wilds of Wyoming Territory.

Next morning we left the foot-hills and coursed our way across the plains; we could see the smoke from passing trains on the U. P. railroad many miles away. These Laramie Plains, which we now were crossing, are here and there dotted over with stock ranches. Sheep-raising seems to be the leading industry, and is a profitable business. At night we drove into the little town of Tie Siding, eight miles west of Sherman, which is the highest railroad point on the U. P. R. R. Once more we passed a night indoors, and next day, at 11 o'clock, we were on the rail homeward bound. At night, we arrived at Longmont, feeling that our trip had done us good, notwithstanding our disappointment in not getting the bear we had pictured out in our imagination we would kill.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

The desire to flee from the plains to the mountains during the "heated term" is something of a contagious nature; therefore excursions are frequent, and everybody wants to spead a few days, at least, in the mountains away from the daily routine of duty. Of course the newspaper men of Colorado are not an exception to this general desire; they as much as any other class need a change of thought, and recreation from the labors and confinement incident to the editorial sanctum. In con. sideration of the idea newspaper men live without money, our railroads offer free transportation for the journalistic brains of the state at least once a year. Yes, as it was a free excursion for the members of the State Press Association, their wives, mothers or sweethearts, we, the editor of the "Home Mirror" gladly accepted the invitation so generously offered. Through the kindness of Mr. A. A. Egbert of the Colorado Central railroad, a special train was tendered our party of fifty or more for a run from Denver up Clear Creek canon. Thursday morning, July 15, at 8 o'clock, we left the Denver depot and soon we were rushing along on our way mountainward. Beautiful farms and handsome residences greeted us on either side, the busy town of Golden was reached, then a drive into the mouth of the yawning canon, and thence up the serpentine narrow gauge that wends its way along the bank of the surging stream. Towering cliffs loomed up for thousands of feet; to say the scenery was grand,

sublime and terrible gives but a faint pen picture of what met our gaze, look which way we would. Black Hawk was reached; thence onward the iron horse took us over and above the housetops up the steep mountain side, over frightful looking trustle bridges, and at Central City we stepped once more upon terra-firma, and the party had an hour to promenade about the city, visit some of the mines, stamp mills, and take a walk down the gulch through Black Hawk to the depot of the latter town. While waiting for the train, a furious hail storm raged for some minutes. We were soon on our way for Idaho Springs, where a sumptuous dinner awaited us at the Beebee House, and to which the hungry party did ample justice.

Idaho Springs is indeed a delightful resort, nestling among the grand awe-inspiring mountains. After a ramble through the town and to the baths a messenger informed us that we were cordially invited to call upon Gov. Bryan at his delightful residence. It is needless to say the party enjoyed the visit hugely. No one could give a more kind and pleasant reception than we had at the hands of the Governor, his affable wife, beautiful and talented daughter and gentlemanly son. Coffee and ice cream were served and partaken of with a relish.

At the call of the engine's whistle we reluctantly took leave of our new made friends and were off for Georgetown. When near the city our train encountered a washout—a water spout had let down a deluge of water, cutting a ravine down the steep mountain side and carrying huge boulders, tons of gravel and stones on to the track completely hiding it from view. Twenty stalwart hands

went to work with a will. It was near night when we passed and went on to Georgetown, where we tarried only a few minutes, and then started for Denver, where we arrived about midnight.

Next morning found us at the depot again ready to take the train. The South Park Company had tendered the party a free ride to Leadville, a special bran-new, superb car was appropriated for our use. Mr. Ady, the general agent, accompanied us. To him the party was under many obligations for his untiring attentions to our comfort. Up the South Platte valley we wended our way, passing a number of fine farms, where good crops of wheat and corn were growing. The Grand Canon was reached—what magnificent scenery! No pen can describe it, no brush paint it, no tongue can tell of the wonders that met our astonished gaze. One must see it in order to fully comprehend the marvelous works of the Creator standing out here in such bold relief. Grant was reached, and oh! what a dinner there amidst the mountains. Trout in abundance, fresh from the cold crystal stream, strawberries and cream, and a number of other delicacies belonged to the bill of fare. Onward over the mountains and along the verge of precipices our train wended its way. South Park was reached, across its meadows we thundered along, and ere the sun had set behind the snow-capped mountains we shot out into the Arkansas valley, crossed the river, and in due time reached Buena Vista. A telegram from Gov. Evans of the South Park R. R., bid us stop at the Lake Hotel for supper, lodging and breakfast at his expense—as his

guests. His hospitalities were accepted, and we fared sumptuously.

From the cupola of the hotel we had a fine view of the valley, town, and magnificent scenery surrounding it. Buena Vista is a large sized town, although not yet a year old; some rich mines are in close proximity. The noted Cottonwood hot springs are near; our party had an invitation to visit them but we were sorry that time would not admit of it.

Next morning, by special train, we were taken 40 miles further up the Arkansas valley to Malta, where we found coaches waiting to take us three or four miles "over the way" to Leadville. Soon we were registered at the Clarendon Hotel, in that magic city of labor, wealth, strife and iniquity. We met an old friend, took a walk through the city, returning from the suburbs—which, by the way, consists of plank shanties, built among a thick batallion of high stumps—and having gotten into the crowd that lined the sidewalks we noticed quite a commotion down the street and an express wagon coming at a rapid rate. A half dozen police were in the wagon holding at arm's length their revolvers ready cocked. They had a prisoner with them, and on arriving at the jail, near where I stood, they hustled him in through the doors without much ceremony. On looking down the street we noticed a crowd of people that seemed to block up the entire street. The crowd was coming like an avalanche. On they came. One man passed by with a coil of twenty or thirty feet of rope. His teeth were set, and determination was depicted on his countenance. Someone asked what he was going to do. "Hang that

man," said he with an oath. But they were too late, the prisoner was beyond their grasp. An immense crowd surrounded the jail, and the excitement ran high. It seems the man had defied arrest and had shot three policemen, one of whom died the next morning.

Met Professor D. McDonald, a noted phrenologist of San Francisco, Cal., whose acquaintance we had formed some years ago. By his invitation, and the kind offer of a free ticket, we attended at the Congregational church, at night, a series of readings and recitations by Prof. Plummer.

On our way to the hotel we noticed they had a large fire in the jail yard and a strong guard of men present, some of whom were on the roof of the jail. At 3 o'clock we were up and making arrangments to leave on the early train. The weather was cold, a fire which felt comfortable, was kept burning in the stove all night. We had on a heavy overcoat, yet we became cold in riding to the train. Others may applaud to the skies the attractions of the carbonate camp, as for us we have no desire to return; it certainly, in some respects, is the most remarkable city in the world. Such a mingling of all classes of society and such a large proportion of the lower classes can probably nowhere else be found. The slums of iniquity invite in bolder terms and drag humanity to a lower level than any other place to be found on the wide earth. It is true there are some good people, those people of refinement and high morals, but being in the minority they can do but little to check the seething whirl of the great malstrom of debauchery and woe.

As the morning began to dawn towards the first day of

the week our train pulled out, and snugly ensconsed in one of those reclining chairs we soon were off in the land of dreams. Arriving at Buena Vista, breakfast was announced, again aboard the train we were off wending our way down the valley of the Arkansas over the Denver & Rio Grand Railroad which had given us the offer of a free ride to Denver. Just before we came to the Grand Canon of the Arkansas an observation car was attached in which we took seats. Having seen the grand scenery of the Platt and Clear Creek Canons we were somewhat prepared for what now awaited us, but we must acknowledge we were astonished, we had never seen anything to equal the grandeur of this canon gorge. In some places the chasm is but a narrow rent in the rocks which rise up perpendicular for thousands of feet; one place iron beams jut across from wall to wall and an iron trussel hangs beneath on which the road track is built, and the river runs beneath it; there was not room for the road to run beside the river. Emerging from the canon we soon were in Canon City, which is a beautiful town. The State penitentiary is located here. Some of the finest fruit orchards in the State are to be found near at hand. We were favorably impressed with this town, its beautiful location and agricultural facilities.

We arrived at Pueblo for dinner and there our commander-in-chief received a telegram from F. C. Nims, manager of the Denver & Rio Grand railroad, to take supper with him at Manitou as his guests. It was agreed to accept. On our arrival at Colorado Springs we were offered free transportation to Manitou, six miles. The magnificent hotel was full of guests; General Grant

and party were stopping there at the time. As guests of Mr. Nims and his accomplished wife we had a superb supper, after which, a reception by General Grant, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fred Grant. The reception was in the gorgeously furnished parlors. The cordial manner in which all were received and the social disposition of the distinguished guests, made all feel easy, and the occasion was one of an enjoyable nature.

A drive through the Garden of the Gods by moonlight was the next thing on the programme. Our generous host met the emergency at once by providing a turn out of six carriages and drivers. About 11 o'clock at night we left the hotel, and after a drive to the soda springs we sat out for the far famed Garden. Arriving at the gate or entrance, which is between towering cliffs, the whole party halted, and in squads set out to ramble as they choose; some of the more agile, by a circuitous route, made the ascent of one of the large cliffs near the gateway. Indulging in vocal music, their voices rang out in a peculiar manner. After probably an hours delay all were again in their seats, and ready for new scenes and a drive up Glen Eyre, and thence to Colorado Springs. We had traveled about ten miles from the time we left Manitou; rooms at the hotel could not be had, all full, so we took possession of the parlor; lying around on lounges and the carpet, the tired party found some rest in the arms of Morpheus. The train was due at an early hour, but on going to the depot, found there would be no train soon—cause, a washout. About 1 o'clock P. M. we were off for Denver, where we arrived about 4 P. M. Thus ended the excursion of the State

Press Association; all seemed satisfied and ready to cry enough! enough! Distance traveled, over 600 miles.

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PART II.

LIFE AMONG THE WILDS OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

The author of the following reminiscences, J. C. Funderburgh, Esq., left college in Ohio owing to poor health, and came west to "rough it" on the Plains. He was a staunch and staid friend of the editor. We together have eaten around the same festal board in the home, on the Plains and in the "Rockies." Slept together on the same rock, angled for trout out of the same brook, and dished "chuck" out of the same pan by the camp fire.

The winter of 1874 and 1875, according to the treaty of 1858, was the last that the Sioux Indians were expected to hunt south of the South Platte River. Consequently an unusually large number of their best hunters and tanners turned out for the purpose of making the largest possible killing of buffalo that season.

Julesburg, on the Union Pacific railroad, and near the great bend of the South Platte, seemed to be the point selected as their basis of operations. Scores of them began to assemble early in September, and by the first of November the green shores of the broad Platte for sixty miles on either side, were dotted with their smoked canvas or leather made tepees from the summer's killing of elk or buffalo. The range of the buffalo changes as the country settles up. Their habits, however, as to

locality in certain seasons of the year are fixed and unlike many other migratory animals — they range in southern latitudes during the summer and in northern latitudes in the winter.

For several years the crossing had been in the vicinity of Julesburg. The year 1874 was also the year of the grasshopper raid on the Nebraska and Kansas homesteaders, who, in order to keep the "wolf from the door," were compelled to trap, hunt, and kill buffalo.

The water in the streams is generally very low late in the fall, and in many localities entirely dried up, so that the points where water is plenty along the trail the herds travel going north are wide apart—fifty miles or more. The first after crossing the K. P. R. R., is the Republican river with a few of its larger tributaries, such as the Frenchman and Stinking-Water, the latter so named by the Indians because of the stench and filthiness of the water, occasioned by the vast number of buffalo that annually perish in its boggy edges. I had occasion to visit this stream, with its narrow, deep and treacherous channel, in 1876, while pursuing a desperado, in hope of recovering some stolen property, and found its swampy banks literally strewn with the stale carcasses and bleached bones of wild animals.

Whenever the advance herds of buffalo strike one of these watering points they feed around for days, until thousands upon thousands flock in, when they again strike out across the plains towards the next point—the Platte River, sixty to seventy miles, making the trip in from two to three days, owing to the weather. When

cold and stormy the buffalo, unlike others animals, invariably face the storm.

When the buffalo made their appearance, in the fall of '74, north of the K. P. R. R., the grasshopper sufferers rallied en masse, fairly slaying the buffalo, and to some extent retarded the herds, and hauling great loads of short cut hams and thousands of pelts into Julesburg for shipment East, the meat to Sioux City, Iowa, by car loads, to be packed down as salt beef for Indian supplies, and the dried hides to Kansas City and the Omaha agency to be dressed for the trade. This of course was anything but agreeable to the dusky savage, and soon engendered the bitterest feeling of strife and mortal hatred towards the home-steader. My business at Julesburg was trading with the white hunters—buying and shipping their produce.

The squaws do all the hard work among the Indians. I never saw a "buck" Indian dress or tan a robe during the entire season. The time required to finish a robe taken in the green is about one week, though a good worker can average one daily.

The Utes of the Rocky Mountains, the Omahas, of Nebraska, and the Pawnees of the South—mortal enemies of the Sioux and Cheyennes—were all out after buffalo, but kept south of the Republican, and the Sioux did not like to venture south very far, and therefore failed to get buffalo enough to keep their squaws at work; consequently they made application to those of us dealing in robe-hires to furnish them with pelts to tan on the halves, some for cash and others in trade. I concluded to give them a trial, and be it said in justice to

Indian integrity, that, for the first few weeks, they gave good satisfaction, but toward the close of the season they manifested great negligence and dishonesty. Some of them slipped off to the agency without returning the robes entrusted to them, setting up the plea of original ownership. All those who did not happen to have borrowed property, were loth to return to the agency when the government commanded them to go. The Indians, when breaking camp, do not always all start at one time, or the same day, but string out two or three day's journey apart, usually in squads of family-relationship. In one instance a certain lodge having robes of mine were about to pull out clandestinely one fine morning, and would have escaped had it not been for the timely information of the fact by a good young Indian before daylight the same morning. Of course his expected reward was not wrongly anticipatedr

I hastened down to the Indian village on Lodge Pole creek, about a mile and a half distant, just in the nick of time to save my six robes, for some of them had already started; the last of the ponies were being packed. My sudden appearance upon the scene was not a little surprise to them. I took a position upon a slight eminence near by, resting my arms on my gun, awaiting their final decision. A momentary lull in camp ensued; not a word was spoken, but much indicated. There were two "bucks," four squaws and a dozen or so little urchins including five pappooses. After a few moments hesitation two of the squaws began to unstrap my robes and threw them towards me, then mounting their ponies, they struck out across the pathless prairie for the North

Platte River, whooping and yelling "Walk-a-po-menz, walk-a-po-menz!" having reference to the agency, which meant the place or land of gifts, since it is there they get all their presents and general supplies, including powder and lead for the best firearms manufactured, which are so skillfully handled whenever a few white men's scalps are wanted, or their morbid taste for human gore satiated, and with which most all the horrible massacres are perpetrated.

After gathering in most all my robes from the Indians in the vicinity of Julesburg, I took the train for Lodge Pole, 18 miles west, to get what robes I had out among the 1,200 redskins encamped there.

The train for Lodge Pole left Julesburg about 8 o'clock in the evening. Three Indians—two adults and one boy—that had come down from Lodge Pole the day previous, were fellow passengers on the same train. One of these, whose name is Little Bear, like old Naomin of school-book fame, had many a time eaten salt in my dugout,—in fact, for two consecutive weeks he never missed a meal. Coming two miles for breafast at early break of day, through the frosty air of February, was evidence of no slight attachment to something. Indeed, I really enjoyed his company, being smart and far above the average intelligence. He having several times been to Washington City to visit the Great Father, had learned from observation many things, that in speaking of them seemed to elate his very being. He could speak a few words of English, which he thought was perfection. Please remember this Indian, for I shall have him up

again in some future chapter as the very embodiment of deviltry.

The train having passed Tie-siding, was rounding the last curve on an up grade less than a mile from our station. We took advantage of the slow motion by stepping off, which placed us much nearer the Indian village than to have gone to the station. The dusky trio struck out instanter for the camp fires. I followed after. In twenty minutes we were in the midst of two thousand aborigines. Knowing that there were two white traders in the village—Palledy and Buff—the latter being married to a squaw, has three very pretty little girls, and live with the tribe—I made inquiry for "wa-seeche" (white man) tepee, and was directed to the lodge in which dwelt Leon Palledy, who seemed glad to have an old acquaintance call, with whom he could pass the hours more pleasantly than with his copper colored associates.

There are a great many of the Sioux that are quite wealthy in blankets, robes and ponies, and have two or three tents, and by this convenience secure, as a general thing, the honor of entertaining as guests the traders and white visitors among them.

The trader is allotted the largest tent, or tepee, in which to store his goods, and is expected to furnish his landlord's household with all the sugar, coffee, flour and bacon required for each meal; while his honor supplies the antelope, deer, buffalo, and occasionally (with them the daintiest of all dishes) a tenderly boiled fat dog. The trader's lodge is also made the exclusive home of the landlord and his favorite squaw, who does the cook-

ing. The other immediate members of the family are but occasional visitors; while those in lineage more distant are seldom absent, especially at wa-coll-opy (coffee) time, when there is anything to eat on hand.

I had no sooner entered the lodge when the old squaw and her buxom assistant of eighteen summers commenced the preparation of supper, and were not long in dishing out with sharp sticks the blood-rare meat, (no dog), and in small tin cups, lye-strong coffee. After supper the pipe of peace was smoked. The landlord, Lone Wolf, who sat on the right of the entrance to the lodge, forming the head of the circle, took from a large buckskin sack, a square board, perhaps a foot in diameter, placed it before him and emptying upon it the contents of a small pouch taken from the large sack — after mixing with these scrapings of red willow roots and a small proportion of genuine tobacco—proceeded to pulverize it thoroughly. After which the big, red stone pipe, with an uncouth stem about two feet long, was filled to the brim with the so-called "kinnikinie." This style of pipe is peculiar to the Indians of the Nothwest. The material is obtained from the vermillion quarries on the Missouri river. Once the big vermillion loaded, it is handed directly across to the last man in the circle at the left of the entrance, who places the stem to his mouth while the Indian on his left strikes a match and applies the "pata" to the contents of the bowl. There is considerable system among them in smoking the pipe of peace. After two or three good puffs, the last one exhaled through the nasal passages, in appearance not unlike a young Vesuvius, he then, with the left hand, removes

the pipe from his mouth and places it in the right hand, with which it is conveyed to the next Indian on the left; and thus it passes the rounds. The landlord, treating himself to a double dose, refills the pipe and starts it on its regular circuit again and again, all the while keeping up a continual gibbering relating to the chase, the battle, the massacre, and to the hair-breadth escapes and the dangers averted generally. When the fire burnt low, about midnight, each warrior stretched himself and rolled up in his buffalo robe, centering the feet towards the expiring embers, and uninterruptedly sported for the remainder of the night the happy huntsman in the fair land of dreams.

This tepee, like most all Indian lodges, had a circular opening at the top about two feet in diameter for the smoke to escape, and through which for hours, from my pallet of buffalo robes, I lay contemplating the boundless stars in the faultless blue above us and the unseen mysteries still beyond. When I woke up the sun was high in the heavens, and the kettle of meat and boiler of coffee were steaming hot, ready for the dozen hungry-looking subjects for whom it was prepared. There is but little, if any, dressing and undressing among the savages. A suit once on is worn till gone. All we had to do was to throw the robe to one side and sit up. A little water was handed us to wash with, which was used in the regular way, very much to the amusement of the reds, for they think it awkwardness other than to spew it from the mouth upon the hands in washing the face. Breakfast was served, and just as I was sipping a little coffee an Indian appeared outside at the tepee door call-

ing out, "Ogalla-ishmea!" my Indian name, meaning Buffalo-coat-man, because of the buffalo overcoat that I wore through the winter. Of course all eyes were turned towards the pale-face strangers, when Mr. Palledy remarked that some one outside wished me to go with him for breakfast. I thought nothing strange of this, for at other times I had been invited to partake of a dozen different repasts at any one meal time—as this is their custom with friends and strangers, especially those with whom they have friendly dealings—as well as to smoke the pipe as a token of friendship. I joined the "Igilacka" (Indian boy) who was waiting for me outside the lodge and after winding my way through the village for a few hundred yards, in compliance with his gesture, bowed myself through the flap door into the presence of a jolly group of old customers, while in the tanning business during the winter at Julesburg. After the familiar "pow-wows" and the formal "how hows" in general, and to the landlord the distinction of a social grip, I swung over to the vacant seat in the circle. Meat, coffee and a few crackers were served. A few minutes' talk by signs, and a half mixture of English and Sioux phraseology, exit white man, in response to another call by the waiting, brawny escort to another feast. Of course, concerning myself, it could be none other than the mere form of eating at the various banquets—perhaps a sup of "wacollopy" and a bit of "tagaliska" (beef).

Up to this time I had met with none save those who had returned all robes belonging to me. It was drawing towards noon and I now turned my attention to some of my delinquent customers, which soon revealed the fact

that some of them had traded my robes off; others said they had not yet finished dressing them, while a few rested their case on the plea that hides were no good "seeche" (meaning poor hides). I finally came to Three Bear's lodge, who had five of my robes. This is the Indian who, a few years previous, saved the life of General Smith, by rushing up and knocking down the two savages who, standing on either side of the General, had their carbines pointed directy at his heart. I succeeded in collecting two robes of Three Bear.

Pawnee Killer, the war chief, was the next one visited. Pawnee Killer is a dreaded warrior, stands six feet four, broad shouldered, and weighs 240 pounds avoirdupois. For every Pawnee Indian he kills, a brass-headed tack is driven into the stock of his Winchester rifle, which now contains no less than 130. Hence the name conferred upon him. Of the seven robes in his possession not one could I recover. The old fellow was grim, surly and defiant when I charged him with dishonesty, which amouted to but little with him, since the time was hard by that "Ogallaishmea" would be no more, even before the setting of another sun, according to his ill-plotted scheme.

Alas! "man proposes but God disposes." It was now about 3 o'clock P. M., and not long subsequent to the interview had with the old war chief that I accepted an invitation to dinner in a neighboring lodge. There were some twelve Indians, all strange faces to me, that composed the company in the new lodge. Boiled antelope, sun-dried buffalo steak and sweetened coffee constituted the meal that was to be partaken of. I did not like the

looks of the group one bit. All seemed to be more or less sulky. Could not get a square glance from any of them. Even the greasy old squaw that "hashed up the chuck" took a shy glance into the fire as she handed me the broken cake. No wonder indeed, for in it was concealed the "pasuta," (deadly poison) mixed and prepared with her own foul clutches to take a human life, for the paltry consideration of securing to herself and a few others of her tribe the ownership of a few buffalo robes. I did not think it strange that, in their smoking just prior to eating, the pipe was passed around me, as I supposed they were aware that Ogallaishmea did not use the weed. Neither did I suspicion anything at seeing the savages gnawing chunks of broken tallow cake instead of "anmeapespam," (bread) since with the noble (?) red man pure tallow is regarded as meat, and lean beef, bread. I looked at it in the light of a special kindness on their part that flour bread was provided me on this occasion. I tasted of the meat, drank of the coffee, and ate of the bread in quantity the equivalent of two good sized biscuits. Baked with baking powder, the cake was light and tasted well.

The effect of the strychnine soon manifested itself in griping pains the most poignant. I sprang upon my feet and bounded to the door.

The double flap arrangement to the entrance proved a material impediment to a speedy egress; the inner one consisted of a young elk's skin attached to the canvass by four fastnings in a manner to conceal the creep-hole. A big red blanket served as the outer one. Whether it was the flaps on the canvass that yielded to the forced

pressure, deponent saith not; how be it, the savages seemed to hustle about pretty actively in their endeavor, no doubt, to fasten upon their victim the possibility of a more sure fate. Everything outside appeared to be tinged with a greenish cast glimmering in a shade very much like that which prevailed with the belt of totality during the late eclipse of the sun. I moved hastily along in a somewhat recumbent posture, through the clumped village to the lodge occupied by the man Buff in the hope of obtaining a temporary, if not permanent relief, but to my utter despair, in lieu of the sympathy I felt so sure would be manifested in my friend (?) upon learning of my condition only a stolid indifference exhibited itself. Impelled with the painful belief that in his case "feigned ignorance was but perfect bliss, hence also folly to be wise," the only alternative for the unfortunate was to drag himself if possible to Lodge Pole station, about three-fourths of a mile distant. No mortals not in a similar situation, can know how blithening to vitality it is to have the very jaws of grim death close in so closely upon him so far away from home and friends in a strange land of a stranger people. Fortunately at the foot-log crossing a few hundred paces from the filthy village of varmints, I was met by an old, (in years young) Buffalo hunter, and surely this time a friend, in buckskin suit and a heavy bushy crop of long red hair, and a Sharp's rifle in his hand, complemented with a belt of cartridges, bowieknife and brace of ivory mounted revolvers. D. W. Street of the Sappy in western Nebraska, to whom is now given an opportunity to return to some extent at least, as he styled it, "the everlasting obligation" for the

protection myself and dugout afforded him that dark morning of his life at Julesburg, scarcely two months previous when old Red Kettle and some of his braves, with steel pointed arrows, gave him close chase to the very door of my abode, and but for the good feeling and friendship existing between the old warrior and myself together with perhaps a judicious use of Indianollegy, a forced entrance would have been made and the massacre of D. W. Street the inevitable result.

The only available inducement to abandon their murderous purpose was a death pledge that the case should be investigated. If Street was proven guilty, he (Red Kettle) should avenge the wrong. The trouble seemed to be that while a number of Indians were camped down on the Frenchman, Red Kettle had some ponies stolen. The thief was tracked fifty miles by Red Kettle, to a cattle ranch where he obtained a description of a man with some stock, suiting the personage of Street. The man as described by the ranchman to the Indians should have two blue French hounds with him, and when Street came to Julesburg some two months after the stealing and three weeks later than the return of the Indians, he happened to have a blue hound with him which of course was a clincher on him and hence the settled convictions of Red Kettle that he found his man. The trial was arranged to take place in the office of the Union Pacific Depot that night, but could not commence before the arrival of Leon Palledy, (Interpreter) from Lodge Pole, on the 9.30 express. In the meantime several hundred savages assembled, cutting up all sorts of didoes and even torturing in effigy Mr. Street, whom they felt sure

would be found guilty, and according to agreement be turned over to them to be disposed of in whatever manner best suited their fiendish natures. The Indians spared no pains to have present their longest headed most influential men. Old "Pawnee Killer" and "Three Bear" came down from Lodge Pole with Palledy and the sub Indian agent Brown—"Two Sauce," Fire Lightning, and "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses," were also in the council. "Two Sauce" made a threatning war-speech just after dark, in the telegraph office, stalking back and forth across the room brandishing his fists and stamping his broad feet not only to the annoyance of the agent and operator but to the extreme terror of the handful of powerless whites crouched in the corners, behind the door and under the desk. The operator could send news but not receive any for the tumult. D. W. Street was locked in the baggage room next ajoining the office in plain hearing of all that was going on. Those were long weary hours till the Indian agent and his interpreter arrived. Mr. Brown had the good will of most all the savages and is a slow easy, yet sharp and shrewd manager of the Sioux and Cheyennes, both of which had to do in this case. The trial was opened—Street was not brought out—contrary to the wish of the savages. Brown was with the Indians on the Frenchman at the time the ponies were taken, and by him as well as by two others, Street proved an alibi, and at the late hour of three o'clock in the morning the Indians yielded, though firm in the belief that D. W. Street was "the man," the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, which showed that Street must have traveled 120 miles on foot or

horseback in 9 hours, to have made him guilty. The arguments and sound reasoning made use of upon this occasion reminded one of the circumstance relating to the Old Indian and his meat; having returned one day to his wigwam, and discovering that some one had visited his smoked venison in the old hollow tree, immediately started in pursuit of the thief—arriving where two men were chopping wood, enquired, whether a little old man with a short gun and a little bobtailed dog had passed that way? They informed him there had, and asked the Indian how he knew it was a little old man with a short gun and a little dog with a short tail? He was little, said the Indian, because he stood on a box to get the meat, and, that he had a short gun from the mark on the tree, that he was old because his steps were short, the dog was little for his tracks were small, had a short tail for he saw where he sat down in the dust. With such shrewdness well might the friends of the prisoner tremble with fear of not being able to save him guilty, or not guilty.

But to my subject: by this time I was almost blind, alternate flashes of chilliness and feverishness held sway the white frothy substance thrown from the stomach every few minutes afforded but a momentary cessation from the gradually increasing wretchedness. Scores of the more curious barbarians young and old of both sexes with blankets, red, white, black, and striped, thrown over their heads and held so tighly about their faces that the eyes only were visible, trailed after us to witness what they considered the fun, as they had seen in the coyote; the dog, etc., which when properly dosed mani-

fests the most intense agony, gives a few leaps into the air, whirls around in a ring a couple of times, and drops dead. But if, and oh! how fortunate, as is my case,—too much strychnine should be given, the stomach uncompromisingly revolts and succeeds nine out of ten times in thwarting the purpose of death's messenger, only however, by the substitution of an internal commotion intolerable—twin brother to a stomach of boiling lead. Upon reaching the station, my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, did everything in their power to alleviate my suffering, which kindness I shall ever remember. Picture to yourself a one-and-a-half-story, little red framed building with two double windows of twelve panes of glass each, and to every glass an Indian's face pressed smack up against the window, glaring at an almost dying man, lying upon a lounge behind the stove in the farther corner of the room, continually vomiting froth—and you have it.

No doctor could be summoned before the arrival of the train the next morning at 9.30 A. M. Mrs. Morton suggested that some sweet milk be given; no sooner swallowed than thrown up, a good thing to be sure for poison in the stomach. The sub Indian agent who was dispatched for, arrived from his camp six miles up the creek. I was then removed over to the R. R. office and placed upon a pallet of buffalo robes provided by the station agent to whom I handed my pocket-book with some valuable papers, and to whom also I gave a few words of instruction with reference to myself and the address of my father, Daniel Funderburgh.

"An hour of misery is longer than a day of pleasure."

Yes, truly the so called state of unconsciousness spent in the realms of dreamland is not always unattended with agony the most horrible—seeming just as real and producing suffering just as intense as if it had been a reality—my tormentors in hideous forms were after me all the night long, and I fought the monsters with a desperation that ground the very life out of me.

The first recollection of myself since a late hour the previous evening, was upon opening my eyes about 9 o'clock in the morning, and although almost too weak and haggard for the trip, assisted by my friend Mr. Walters, who attended me during the night and who several times thought me past the line of recovery, I boarded the eastern bound emigrant train for Julesburg, to which place we arrived about 11 o'clock a. m. It was distinctly remembered by Messrs. Seech & Son, grocers, at Julesburg, that the old Pawnee Killer had purchased of them a bottle of strychnine a few weeks previous.

Soon after my arrival at Julesburg, I was told by quite a number of Indians that I had taken pasuta, (their term for medicine) when I would say to some of them "Pawnee Killer, no good;" explaining the reason, they seemed very much surprised, while others would give with a nod, quick assent to its being the truth. This bit of experience had a tendency to put me a little more on my guard, for had it not occurred I might have been foolish enough to have accompanied "Little Bear" into the Black Hills for a wagon load of gold dust, "chischilla muz is kaw," little money, as he styled it, but of this more anon.

As noted before, Little Bear seldom left vacant a place at the festal board in "Ogallaishmea,"—dugout, for many weeks; and as a natural consequence one might think that any effort at compensation would emanate from the purest of motives. One day after he had gormandized to gluttony on buffalo hump and fat bacon with a dessert of seven sad dumplings (little loaves of bread with apple in, as he termed them,) and was luxuriating in the fragrant fumes of his hugely loaded vermillion over in the farther corner on the ground, my attention was arrested by the expression, "You-come-me-h-o-use." I went with him to his tepee and from there out to his ponies—a bunch of a dozen or so a few hundred yards off. There is something peculiar about Indian ponies; there may be a thousand or more belonging to a hundred Indians, all turned out together, each man's ponies will remain in a group by themselves; to this it appears they are trained by tying the younger ones to the older one's tails, likewise any new additions to the herd. The first thing my swarthy native did was to present me with one of his ponies, then he sold me one in trade, for the value of about $7, seemingly cheap, yet dear. Among the bunch was a very fine roan, with a long bushy tail and mane, large nostrils, clear bright eyes, and just the kind of a pony calculated to command the admiration of any lover of a perfect animal. Its owner was sharply eyeing its inspector. Turning to the Indian I said, washta, (good) at which with a grunt and shrug of his shoulders he exclaimed, "ugh wash tellu, le le wash tellu," (very good, the very best.) As he thus spoke, he came up close and resting his hand on

my arm, continued swap. Dà ko, said I. Shuthulla, mea, shushull. In the mean time projecting his hands above his head, palms front, in a gentle motion back and forth, mule without a doubt. He was bent on having my Texas donkey for a pack animal. The donkey was quite small, not over three and a half feet in height, though of prodigious strength of the body. Jack was a general favorite among the loafers and a source of great delight at times, being of a dull mopish disposition, and running at large, served as a sort of town scavenger.

Sometimes three or four boosy men at a time would straddle Jack's woolly coat and with their toes almost touching the ground, march into the saloon for drinks. Of course, owing to the donkey's good sense above his fellows, he invariabiy declined, and thus escaped the tarantula juice whenever it became a matter of his own choice, which was, however, seldom the case.

The packing ability of this jack was what inspired this Indian with the determination to secure to himself the ownership. A Spencer carbine, box of crackers, a few tasma, (apples) a little chenompa and pasuta soppa, (sugar and coffee) together with a few trinkets as the cinta to seal the bargain, and the two animals changed owners, the little roan was kept under lock and key most of the time thereafter until stolen by one Paddy Doil.

This noted desparado got into a serious row one afternoon at Julesburg, and had the boldness to approach me with the startling statement that he had to kill a man that evening, and wanted my pony to get away on—would return him in a couple of weeks and pay

me liberally for the accommodation. In all that could be said, Paddy remained unswerved in his fell purpose to cut short the life of poor Mr. ——. I felt that it was in my power to divert the bloody tradegy for that evening's enactment, and watched my opportunity to post the coming victim which had to be done in a way that would not entail upon Doil the very same fate by him intended for the other party, a very common occurrence in the Bacchanalian Orgie on the frontier.

That night, though no one was killed, the little roan left, never more to appear in Julesburg.

The next morning I circled the station to find the trail which, once struck, was easily followed, by the peculiar shape of one hoof. The trail led up the South Platte, going as far as Lodge Pole creek. I returned for some provisions and blankets, for I expected to be absent three or four days. Crossing the creek and once more inspecting the track, the brown mule was given the reins. In three hours a distance of eighteen miles to Moore's ranche, was reached. Riverside ranche, forty miles from Julesburg, a little after sundown. Here the saddle was transferred to the back of a good pony that took its rider fifteen miles further for a rest and a midnight lunch. A change of horses and the company of a friend, the chase was renewed, sixteen miles further to friend Cary's by 4 o'clock in the morning. The American crossing was the point desired to gain by sunrise if possible, only eleven miles, which, with the change of horses at Cary's enabled us to do. But no signs of Paddy Doil, he having rode along in the channel of Pole Creek to its mouth, thence across the

Platte over the plains southward, as Paddy—who is now languishing in one of the Canon City prison cells—recounted to buffalo hunters on the Republican.

In the course of a week or so, Little Bear who was at that time stopping at Lodge-Pole station for a few days, preparatory to the final march for the "Walkapoweny" (Agency), came down to Julesburg one fine day for the express purpose to run bargains, having disposed of all the "booty" obtained in the trade. He would not be put off, he would have the little Arabian Roan, and that too in a style most unreasonable, since the donkey was not even brought along to offer in return, by which the circle of suspicion was very much enlarged. An effort to overhaul an Indian in his flight with stolen property, across the trackless prairie, is indeed but a "wild goose chase." Little Bear was accompanied on this trip by a couple other Indian braves, and all united in the solemn promise that "Jack" should be returned to-morrow (which never comes) if they could only get the pony to-day—good enough for Indian sagacity though too transparent for any except those unacquainted with Sioux doings. Failing in this scheme to get possession of both animals, and not a little exasperated at pale-face incredulity, their Indian blood flashed into a "two-forty" heat, but not daring to do more, because of the surrounding situation just at that time, the three boarded the evening accommodation train for Lodge-Pole. The same evening, about nine o'clock, I received a dispatch by telegraph from Leon Palledy, the Indian trader previously alluded to, stating that he wanted to converse with me over the wires immediately, that all was ex-

citement in the Indian village at Lodge-Pole and likely to be serious trouble. Hurrying over to the office the operator announced me present. Three hours use of the wires failed to allay the storm though the interpreter found out that Little Bear's party had upon their return fabricated stories to excite the Indians to action. The last telegram read: swarms of the Savages are in and around the office here and demand of you through me the surrender of the roan horse. If not given up immediately a war party will start for Julesburg at once. This news was fun for the "bummer" element at Julesburg and the remainder of the night was spent in very active preparation to deal out to the "Redskins" a little the warmest reception that had ever been their lot to receive at any former time. The sentiment was a unit not to accede to the demands of the "Reds" in this instance, lest they should reclaim every thing that they had bartered away during the past season, and if successful, become dangerously bold. Even the women of the town with their children said, if necessary, they would take to the Fort. No Indians came that night. All next day was devoted to perfecting the reception arrangements, in the moulding of bullets and the priming of cartridges. The roof of the old freight depot served the excellent purpose for a constant look-out. All the ranchmen in the vicinity of Julesburg collected in, and these with the thirty or forty men already on hand, together with the arrival of six or eight more hunters by evening with their "big fifties" and "ninety-five grain forty-four's" that throw from an ounce to two ounces of lead fully a mile with considerable accuracy, failed not

in maintaining a fearless defense. Finally the idea prevailed that the attempt to molest the Julesburgers had been abandoned, the cow boys repairing to their respective quarters, while the buffalo hunters and the gamblers squandered the night in the wildest revelry. The following day most of the hunters, having gone through with all their loose change, struck for the buffalo range, after other loads of game, pelts and furs, with which to have in a fortnight another carouse. The day passed wearily, the coming night was destined to be one of imminent danger. Had I not known what was on the tapis, yet ignorant as to the final result, and unable to escape, I would have perished then and there. While I do not believe in forebodings or signs portentous of good or evil as pertaining to the human family, I am strongly inclined to the belief that there is something real in the presentiment theory. The shadows darkened and just precisely what was to happen I could not discern. I came west to regain my health, lost in the school room, and meant to "rough it" through. My supper of broiled buffalo steak, slap-jacks and chocolate tea (my favorite drink) was none the less relished that evening, though at any moment, an attack by savages was liable to be made. During the afternoon I had had some conversation with a couple of gentlemen from Sioux City, Iowa, in reference to selling them a few car loads of green buffalo hams. After supper according to agreement I went to the depot to meet these gentlemen again. The depot building at this place was fashioned after the style of most all others belonging to the Union Pacific company, having a separate room for family accommo-

dation, a very good thing, should the agent chance to be a married man. The building stood east and west parallel with the track, on the north having a platform the entire length of the building, some forty-five feet on the south. About eighteen feet of the east end was used for the business office and waiting room, the two apartments being separated by a six feet paling fence extending across from the east wall westward, with a square crook of two feet to the north, thence across in the offset was swung the gate and so contrived as not to be opened by any one on the outside of the business office. The Iowa men happened to be in with the Agent conversing with him as to the freight on meat to Sioux City, consequently I was admitted. Already the crowd had begun to assemble in the waiting room as usual upon the arrival of the eastern bound passenger due at 9:30 P. M., and on which Messrs. Boge & Co. expected to leave, as the final arrangement to ship three car loads of buffalo meat had just been completed, and the guarantee of freight charges by them made satisfactory, when the whistle of an engine indicated the arrival of some train, thought to be the passenger by Messrs. Boge & Co., though thirty minutes too early. The agent explained that it was only an extra freight intending to sidetrack to let the express pass by. The only two chairs in the office were occupied by the Sioux City gentlemen, while my seat was in the parquet (flat) between Mr. Boge and the paling partition with the west wall of the room for backing. All thought of Indians within the last half hour had entirely passed from my mind until arrested by the unmistakeable grunt of the Indian ugh! Imagine if you can my absolute horror

upon turning my head to the right and looking up to recognize the savage vision of him who once claimed to be friend but now mortal enemy, Little Bear. Close beside him stood Young Pawnee Killer, a stoutly built six-footer of about twenty-two summers, whom I scarcely dreaded less because of his conspicuousness in the Lodge-Pole poisoning affair. A third Savage sidled up to the railing. Just then how many more might be present I dreaded to surmise. The usual greeting of the friendly Indian when meeting a white man is, "how-cola." Little Bear thrust his long scrawny hand of long black fingers through the palings as if desiring a shake. I took his hand, he uttered not a word, the grasp was a regular Judas grip. I tried to give myself the slightest concern about the presence of the three Savages that had just arrived on the freight, for the evident purpose of butchery, and no other, as their actions subsequently showed. Although my fright and irrepresible fear may have been well concealed for the time being, I shuddered at the thought of being thus corralled by three savages armed to the teeth, and upon whose very faces was easily legible the heinous crime of massacre, and the tantalizing look as if to say: Now we've got you, escape if you can. My only hope was to escape when the rush for the platform would be made at the arrival of the train. Just as I was slipping through the gate Little Bear caught my coat sleeve by way of detention and pulled me back. I said to him, waseeche chim-pogeny-donka Omaha tepe me come, (understood as saying, two white men were taking the big wagon (cars) for Omaha, when gone I will return). He doubted the returning part,

judging from the vice like grasp upon my arm. No sooner had the cars rolled away than I was almost forcibly dragged back into the reception or waiting room. To have done any other way than to remain strictly silent would have only announced the signal for my own execution. Even in the midst of a score of friends not one had as yet taken in the situation.

I was now literally a prisoner, my captors not expecting me to pass out of that room alive. It was only by the greatest effort that I was enabled to keep cool, and thereby retain presence of mind to work out of the impending danger. Little Bear, still holding on, pressed to the right over against the east window, and assuming a sort of half-sitting posture on my left, bade me take a similar position between himself and the paling partition. As I turned around to sit down for a moment as requested, before I should make the intended leap over the partition fence and escape by the outer door to the business office, who should I see standing boldly up against the wall immediately to the left of the door we came in at, like a marble statue, but the very man I rejoiced to see most, Mr. D. W. Street, with his arms leisurely folded across his breast, unconcernedly gazing over the fence to where the night operator was receiving a message.

It seemed that my friend, in his moccasins, had noiselesely glided in after us when the cars pulled out, in the belief that his assistance might be needed to dissuade these dusky sons of the plains from their bloodthirsty purpose. Or, perhaps the most effectual persuaders were the two ivory-mounted six-shooters peeping out from their leathern belt, the efficacy of which, wielded in the

hands of this young Indian fighter, has many a time been sorely felt. Young Pawnee Killer and his comrade were backed up against the paling partition at the further corner glaring savagely at the intruder (Street). "Forewarned, forearmed." Not so in this instance, not having so much as a common pocket knife at hand, while Little Bear was heavily armed not only with knives and revolvers, but held in his clutches the very identical carbine (eight-shooter) that he had obtained of me in the pony trade. The less fearlessness anyone manifests while in the hands or power of the savages the less chance will likely be afforded for an escape. I dared not take chances yet, since Little Bear was holding his rifle in most too unfavorable a position, with breech resting on the floor, passing up between his knees and firmly grasped near the muzzle with both hands to be easily whirled into immediate use. It appeared to be the work of this Indian to absorb my attention by controversy, for it was not enough to hear and reply, I must look right at him. If I did not he would shriek out "Ogalla, Ogallaishmea," and pull my arm or coat sleeve. The first utterance he made after we were seated was, "Nea mussiska dona?" (how much money have you?) "Chischilla," (only a little) said I. "Ugh! nea ota (you lots) you lie." This was the first round, and there could be no mistake from his demoniacal grin and nervous excitability that there was more to follow. Somebody just then felt quite willing to be allowed to depart in peace, but no sooner had the first point been settled than his savage majesty, to avoid an explosion, gave vent to a second impulse: "Nea bushalo robe dona? (how many buffalo robes have you?)

"Oponeca, oponeca okeesa," (one hundred or one hundred and fifty,) I answered. "You lie; ota, ota," (lots, lots,) was his emphatic response. Of course, not feeling very well, I had no disposition to argue the case, and so just let the matter rest there. The fact of the business was, I felt a greater curiosity anyway to know more about the architecture of that little room, as to its facilities for egress and ingress, particularly the former, the adjustability of its windows, and convenience of its doors, ventilation, etc.

Again he belched forth: "Nea bushelo chimpogeny donka Omaha tepee mussiska come ishtimel dona?" (how many days will it require to ship those robes to Omaha on the cars and get the money back?) "Yarmeny," (three), to which he flung out his usual statement of resentment, "You lie. Me Omaha tepee chimpogeny donka ishtimel nepa come," saying that he had gone to Omaha on the cars and returned in two days; but this, though the truth, like the others, he failed to comprehend the difference between the speed of the passenger and freight trains, and really believed I was lying to him, hence ought to die.

Just as the last "you lie" was uttered, Young Pawnee Killer stepped out in full view from the place where he was partially concealed by the crook or offset in the paling partition, and stalked stealthily forward to within a few feet, immediately in front of us, and leaned considerably forward over his left foot, with both hands and arms hid under the red blanket loosely thrown over his head and shoulders, with barely opening sufficient to see the hideously painted face beneath. To escape now

without a few passing strokes, thrusts, or shots at least would be a miracle. I fixed my eyes upon him the instant he started toward us, and held him there under as piercing a look as possible, knowing that so soon as I should release him by giving attention to the mutterings of Little Bear, who was all the while doing his utmost to draw my attention, almost jerking me over at times, it would be all day with me.

My intention, the moment the young savage should make the next aggressive move—which could be none other than the very worst—was to make a shield of Little Bear—that is, clinch the Indian on my left and whirl him around in front of me, and let him intercept whatever might be intended as a death blow for me. All these changes and conditions transpired in a very brief interval. I felt the pall of death hovering over me. The third Indian, who was standing back ready to arrest any movement of Mr. Street, made a noise that attracted the attention of Little Bear, causing him to mutter something to the would-be assassin, which had the effect to straighten him up and to cause him to turn squarely around, and in a few quiet steps move over to where he formerly stood, but in passing the gate let his right arm drop against it, which, not happening to latch when the operator passed through, swung open, letting him into the business office. Of course I did not feel so much inclined to jump over the partition just at that time as I did a little while before.

A glance at Mr. Street accounted for the sudden change that had taken place, for his hand was still holding on to one of his persuaders just being returned to

the holster. A change of base was all that it amounted to. Young Pawnee Killer shrugged up his shoulders a few times and readjusted his blanket, then came quickly forward on the inside of the paling partition and immediately opposite his victim. It seemed that longer silence had ceased to be a virtue, and, as discretion is always the better part of valor, I sprang to my feet, face to foe, in the meantime exclaiming, "Nea uta?" will you eat? that is, will you go with me to my dug-out and have a big supper. Now an Indian is always at all times, and under all circumstances, ready to eat—to gormandize. This is their god. A quiet nod with the head gave ascent, as did the other two upon a similar rerequest. To be sure, the dug-out, as being the best possible place for them to execute their plans, gained their approval.

In two steps my hand was on the door knob, but instead of turning the door open for my guests, I slammed it to with a force almost sufficient to wrench it from its hinges, and instead of turning to the right, I bounded off the platform and over the gravel around the northeast corner of that building for Harry Entriken's saloon and eating house that stood near the northwest corner of the depot. A poor pair of legs, I thought, that couldn't take their body out of danger.

No sooner had I reached the saloon door than the savages had gained the west corner of the depot building, and recognizing their man by the buffalo overcoat as he passed the light in the window and turned thitherwards, the intervening space of some sixty feet was quickly shortened in the several fearful bounds in pur-

suit, and had another man or two been wanting to crowd out, the chances of escape would have been rendered hopelessly meager. Had there not been a slight fall of snow on the ground, and the moon, though hid by clouds, reflected some light, Mr. McCloughlin, section foreman, would certainly have lost his life, having been taken for Ogallaishmea by mistake. But the Indian that drew on him at a little distance, for some cause or other held fire, for a surer, closer shot, when the mistake was discovered. I stepped quietly through the saloon, which was filled with 18 or 20 men some at cards, others drinking, to the door opposite the one I came in at, opening into the provision room. I took one glance back just in time to see two broad copper-colored faces pressed against the window outside. I was not long in getting through the door, and that to apparently unnoticed by any one in the saloon, to the right, through another door, into the dining room, and another leading to the kitchen. Stepping slily to the back door I turned the key and swung the door slightly ajar, to peep out, believing that the Indians would shortly be slipping around the corral, and to the gate leading to the well, about thirty paces off. There were no lights in either of the rooms except the saloon.

I had but a few minutes to wait, scarcely time enough to quell the almost audible thumpings of my heart, ere two of the three savages came slily hobbling around the corral on tiptoe, right up to the little gate, and even leaning over it to take a good look first one way and then another. I could have punched their heads with a ten-foot pole, though unobserved by them, under the

shadow of the little three feet square roof over the door.

Just then their attention was attracted by a noise behind them at the big tub and the oaken bucket at the well, which caused them to walk out that way, only to find a cow and I think some cow-puncher watering his broncho.

The little roan was under lock and key in the stable in the corral, as was supposed by these Indians, and they no doubt thought that Ogallaishmea would do just as they themselves would do in such a case—run right through the house, out into the corral, mount the pony and gallop off.

After a little while, when failing to make any discoveries, they moved slowly away round the corner of the house, out of sight, all the while muttering to one another in a lively yet suppressed tone. I closed the door to take a second sober thought as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances, when I heard a noise of some one coming in from the bar-room. The voice, "Who is in here?" betrayed the speaker. It was young Entriken, a heavy set, stoutly built six-footer of a lad in his minority.

I quickly replied, "Bill, is that you?"

"Yes," was the answer, and added, "Bill Street is hunting for you."

By request young Entriken ushered in D. W., from whom I learned all about the maneuverings of the red skins since they got the slip in the office; that they had just gone over again to the depot and were coiled down about the stove, very much to the discomfiture of the

night operator, who had by this time learned much of their intentions towards a fellow white man, and did not know but that if disturbed in any way they might conclude to vent their spleen upon him.

No disposition to drowsiness that night.

I learned by Mr. Street that as soon as Little Bear got out of the office, after some trouble in not understanding the knob on the door, quickly threw a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his carbine, which made it evident enough that they did not intend that Ogalla should get so far as the dug-out.

Again I wished myself out of sight and reach of Indians forever. The hour of midnight had come, and when we returned to the bar-room but six men remained, too drunk to reason, yet sober enough to feel able to repair to the station at once, butcher the reds, and deposit their carcasses in the sand hills a few hundred yards back of the saloon, where lie and bleach the bones of many a poor wretch for crime even less notorious.

During the lively times of '52, when the unfortunate traveler and adventurer came riding as a stranger into this modern Sodom, he was not unfrequently made for amusement the target of a half dozen shots, to see who could put a hole through the crown of his hat without drawing blood. But alas, to enter, with revolvers in the hands of those crazed with whisky, brought their victim low even unto death. A game at draw-poker for the horse and saddle ended the fun (?) perhaps for that day.

No amount of remonstrance availed against the bent purpose of Harry and his clan to put into execution the

proposed plan, by way of a little extra fun. Such a course would be sure to bring at least eight hundred warriors tempestuously upon us from Lodge Pole, and not a soul would probably ever escape the vengeance of their wrath. But go they must and go they did, armed with revolvers and knives. Jimmy O'Conners, the least sober of the pack, pitched right in at an attempt to first disarm them, by grabbing a carbine by the muzzle.

A moment later, had it not been for the brave night watchman, who sprang between them, all would have resulted in a condition the most deplorable.

The six men before starting had taken the pains of authority to lock me in the saloon, so as not to bother them over at the office. I could nevertheless plainly hear the noise.

Pretty soon the brawling crowd returned. The proprietor declared that I should lodge with them for the night, which I could not do. Then three of the men would not be denied the privilege of acting as escort to my dug-out, which was situated about three hundred yards distant, on the other side of the track.

I tossed the dried buffalo hide to one side and stepped down. The escort replaced the door and said they would wait until the light was blowed out. The noise of my coming in and fussing about to find the lamp aroused the two hunters, of whom I had purchased over a hundred dollars' worth of game and pelts during the day, the proceeds of which having been freely spent for "tangle-foot," rendered them past navigation, that had obtained permission to lodge in the dug-out that night. Also Mr. Byron, my bunk-mate awoke.

Byron and I had been baching together for months. He was the agent to buy robe hides for the large and well-known firm of Dubois & Co., Kansas City, Mo. A real jolly good fellow, of Hibernian extraction. I do not think that three men could be worked up to a higher pitch of excitement than were these, upon learning of the existing trouble. Especially so were the two that slept at the foot of the steps and who had not fully recovered from the effects of the strong drink taken in the evening.

Mr. Byron deliberately crawled out of bed (a pallet of buffalo robes) in the farther corner of the room or cellar, emphatically asserting that to sleep there would be almost sure death, arguing that the Indians would be around before morning in numbers, and pour in through that old buffalo rawhide a volley of leaden bullets, knowing where we slept, to the extent of tearing us up into mince-meat piecemeal.

All in all, we were well armed, and could "stand off a host of redskins," so we all decided to fix up a barricade in front of our beds and retire,—not however to sleep, for this was entirely out of the question. Gaping, yawning and restless tossing about was the order of a long, weary night, wide-awake dreaming of the most dire forebodings of events that the gray dawn (the savage's favorite hour for onslaught) was sure to usher in.

Hush! a noise at the steps above. All of a sudden the buffalo hide over the entrance was flung aside, and in stumbled one of the savages, whom I recognized as young Pawnee Killer, from the expression, "Ogallaish-mea dako?"—(buffalo coat man, where is he?)

It was too dark to recognize by sight our unwelcome visitor at so early an hour in the morning. As for myself, however, I think I never lost sight of the hideous monster though eyes be closed—the image was indelibly fixed on the retina. I was occupying the front side of the bed at first, and how the exchange of sides was made so suddenly, Byron must tell. The savage first approached the fire-place, then turned square to the right, placing one hand on the table that was standing in front of our bunk, he leaned over to take a good squint, as if to spot his victim, snoring away the last nap in the morning.

At the instant the young brave first stumbled into the dugout I whispered to Mr. Byron, "Tell him I'm out." In the meantime my bunk-mate assumed a sitting posture in bed, throwing the top robes carelessly over me in such a manner that I entirely escaped the notice of Pawnee Killer. By this time the two hunters had almost dressed, save the buckling on of their belts with hunting knives and revolvers. Several articles of dress very much resembled my own were in turn picked up and closely examined, especially the buffalo overcoat so nearly like my own (though red-lined, mine being blue), was the second time picked up and minutely scrutinized. And not until Mr. Byron stated two or three times: "Oallaishmae wasuche donka tepee," motioning with the hand over across the track, (Ogalla, white man's house), signifying that I was over at the Entriken establishment where they saw me in the evening, did he take his leave.

Deep breathings of relief were quite audible all round for a few moments. The two hunters took their stations

at the entrance, one above and one below, as requested, with instructions not to allow anyone to come inside, while Byron and myself were preparing the breakfast, of which we all partook quite freely. Shortly after daylight Young Pawnee Killer was observed, mounted upon an Indian pony, and rapidly riding from the station towards the Indian village on Lodge Pole creek, a mile and a quarter distant, consisting of about twenty lodges, among which was that of the mother of the well-known half-breed, Andy Barrett, whose father was a Mexican.

Andy was not very brilliant, though possessed of ordinary common sense when out of reach of liquor. I had always treated him kindly, and many a time he proved useful in a trade with the reds. Poor fellow, he is now numbered with the mystic hunters on the other shore, having been ruthlessly cut down by his swarthy Indian brother in a fit of jealousy.

I at once dispatched a messenger down to the village to have Andy come up immediately. In a very brief interval he put in an appearance at the door. He did not take time to respond to the good-morning greetings, but commenced at once inquiring about some trouble that had happened in Julesburg last evening, evidently not knowing that the parties addressed were seriously interested.

"Who was it that Pawnee Killer was going to kill last night, and Little Bear wouldn't let him?" he asked.

"I am the man, sir," said I.

"Oh, no; Pawnee Killer wanted to kill an Indian last night, but Little Bear prevented it."

"Yes, yes; understand, I am the very party that they

tried to get away with last night. Little Bear was at the head of the whole plot, but at the most critical point their opportunity was given away for what they supposed to be a better one, induced by the immediate presence of D. W. Street with his double load of six' ready in hand."

"Can it be possible? I am going right back to the village to find out. Pawnee Killer is there," and he wheeled around to go.

"Wait a little, Andy. This is precisely the reason I sent for you. But I want you to have breakfast first and then go down and learn all about the affair and their intentions to-day if you can. I will reward you handsomely for it."

Breakfast was steadily refused until the truth of the whole affair was brought to light. Andy was not long in ascertaining the facts, which seemed to almost paralyze him, to think that Ogallaishmea had only barely escaped being massacred by those three savages, and the danger still pending unless the bloody trio could be forced, if not induced, to go home to Lodge Pole station and behave themselves. As he drank his coffee, and ate his buffalo steak and crackers, we were told that High Bear would be up soon to learn more of the disturbance.

High Bear was one of the good Indians at that time, and a chief soldier among them, whose command was imperative, a regular double-fisted bruiser—two hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois, all bone and sinew.

It is to this stalwart that Brown, the Sub-Indian Agent, against whom some of the tribe had treasured a deadly hatred, owes his life. Because Brown did not

seem to them to have the power with the Great Father at Washington to have car loads of Government bacon and flour dished out to them, he should be put out of the way. This affair happened a little way from here, on the other side of the Platte. Brown had turned out to the Indian hunters—about seventy in number—a bunch of fat cattle. It was easily to be seen that all was not as it ought to be by the manner in which they grouped together for private consultation previous to accepting the cattle.

Presently the entire Indian force sallied forth, mounted upon their best ponies, brandishing their carbines, revolvers, bows and arrows, making the rolling prairies reecho their unearthly war-whoops, and surrounding the cattle commenced slaying them as they would a herd of buffalo. The chase and slaughter lasted several hours; their fastest ponies could not keep pace with some of the fleetest Texas steers, hence the relief system. Brown, of course, was not long in comprehending his situation, and would dodge the keen whistle of the deadly missiles as they flew thick all around. Of course the savages kept no account of Brown! They were killing "tagaliska," taking good care, however, to fire only when in good range with Brown. The two Bears, High and Three, rushed up to Brown, bidding him keep close up to them, and thus shielded he escaped the murderous intent of those pampered Government savages.

This over, Brown and the two chiefs started to go about a mile or so to a small stream of water, the camping ground of two or three hundred Indians. They had not proceeded far, just over the ridge, when a wagon

and team of horses were observed a short distance ahead surrounded by a menacing group of red skins. A white man, to be sure,—Mr. Mayfield, an old buffalo hunter. The Indians had cut into pieces his entire lot of some forty robe hides, and one of the reds, with a steel-pointed arrow in a bow drawn to the highest tension, was just in the act of sending it through the heart of the unfortunate man when High Bear galloped up in the rear of the savage and with a powerful stroke upon his flat cranium, sent him sprawling upon the ground. Several others were clubbed before getting out of reach of these two Catholic-like peacemakers.

That night the Indians were determined on sending Brown to the "happy hunting ground." The friendly Indians seemed to use every precaution to save him. Early in the evening, when all were circled about the buffalo-chip fire in the middle of the lodge, Brown being pretty close to the side of the tent, though not quite touching the canvas, his shadow was taken for the man, and a long steel blade was sent glistening through the tent, but failed of its purpose. Joined by several others they set in to cut the lodge down over their heads. This act raised High Bear's blood to a boiling heat, and seizing the green cottonwood billet that lay roasting on the coals, he, though in one sense a cripple—one leg being about four inches shorter than the other—was not long in making good use of it. Seven of the enraged bloods were knocked down and two of them died before morning. It may seem strange to some not acquainted with the savage Siouxs and Cheyennes that such arbitrary measures dared to be enforced. Such, however, is

the case, and that too with perfect indifference as to their own safety. Brown solemnly avers that with this trip and bit of experience with the untutored savage on the plains, dates with him the real origin of the "silver threads among the gold."

In due course of time this Magnet Chief of the warriors, (High Bear), with a grin of eagerness put in an appearance at the dugout entrance, and with a How, how! unceremoniously bowed himself in.

The first thing on the programme, to be sure, was the quaffing down of a quart or more of boiling hot coffee, a few pounds of buffalo hump and a liberal filling up of crackers (a mere bite of refreshments till a full meal was prepared). The old warrior seemed anxious to get at the bottom of the whole affair, making minute inquiry as to the strange conduct of the young braves the previous evening as well as the following morning — finally with an arrogant tossing of his massive copper colored cranium, well decorated with a heavy coat of long, straight, jet black hair, intermingled with numerous highly colored wing feathers of wild fowls from the snow bird to the eagle, he said.

"Loy-al-a-ea-walkepemeny ishtimel," indicating that in a short interval he would whoop these bad boys home or to the agency, in the mean time giving his assurance that no further fears from them need be apprehended.

The news soon spread throughout the neighboring villages along the Platte and up Pole creek, as indicated by the scores of young savages in full battle array thronging our little burg that morning; all seem to be searching for or trying to catch a glimpse of some particular one

just then of more interest to them than any body else. I felt not a little uneasy at the turn affairs had taken, and lost to know how best to meet the case, until Andy, (the half-bred), after spending a couple hours among the mottled crowd, re-entered our dugout and detailed to us the only real safe plan for me to pursue under the existing circumstances—which was to present a bold front, go right out among them apparently careless and unconcerned, as if nothing of unusual note had occurred, carrying no weapons of defense of any description—that the Indians might see and thereby know (?) that Ogallaishmea didn't care a snap one way or the other, (if he was at that time trembling in his very boots).

It was some considerable time ere the full consent of my own mind was obtained to comply with this (supposed) wild freak of Andy's. It seemed to me that I could not do it, yet I crawled out of my secure quarters in full view of the brawling savages. Andy Barrett, as well as a couple of hunters, had his eyes upon me, but what could that avail, thought I, should the reds entertain a purpose to perform the worst at any moment. Neither of the trio was to be seen in the crowd anywhere, which gave pretty good satisfaction that High Bear prevailed.

The atmospheric conditions somehow seemed less congenial than common, so I was not much and of a truth made myself scare for several days, till the Indians all left for Lodge Pole station, 18 miles west, and Sub-Agent Brown visited us again.

There had quite a number of the hunters arrived towards the latter part of the week, and on Saturday as I

was standing at Entriken's desk writing a letter, who should surprise us more when the door opened than the very presence of the giant form of the old General himself, father of the young would be-assassin, Pawnee Killer, wearing a haggard and careworn expression. He stepped stately forward to the stove and turned gravely around uttering not a word; but catching a glimpse of the object of his worst hatred he left the room instantly. There were perhaps twenty white hunters in the room, also Brown. In a little while my friend Andy stepped in, and addressing himself to me said :

"You have a chance to save your life now if you want —all for about five dollars."

"How is that, Andy ?" said I, somewhat hastily

"Why, Little Bear, from Lodge Pole, has come down and is willing to make peace."

"Now," interrupted Brown, good humoredly, "if you value your life anything at all, is the time to act."

Andy explained the matter more fully, stating that he had been conversing with Little Bear and the old man [meaning Pawnee Killer], and found out that for about five dollars' worth of sugar, coffee, crackers, bacon and tobacco perfect good feeling on the part of the dreaded trio, especially Little Bear and Pawnee Killer, can be restored.

"Where are they now, Andy?"

"Little Bear is over in the telegraph office and the old man is in Leech's store."

I felt more than willing to give Andy the money and let him fix the matter up for me, but this, Andy said would not work, and as the Indians wanted me over at

the office there was no alternative for me. The only thing to fear was treachery. Brown voluntered to accompany us, so with one on each side, and D. H. Street behind, we marched over to the railroad platform and the outlay of $4.75 was made for the gladdening power of the Indian heart and laid on the platform in the care of a third redskin.

"Now," said Andy, "come in and make friends," leading off.

I followed him into the office, where was standing the tall, dark-visaged Little Bear with one attendant. Both shunned a direct look, and not until Andy had fully explained matters did the dusky savage venture to speak or take any notice of the immediate presence of Ogallalla. The acceptance of the peace offering was evidenced by the big "How," and the hearty good hand shake that immediately followed.

"Me heart no good. Locota washtello."

He wished me to understand that though he himself was a good Indian, his heart had been a little bad.

"Nea washta me washtello." (You good, me very good; white man good, but Indian was better).

Then he commenced in real good earnest to plead and to explain, that as he was now soon to start to his summer home—walkapomeny—and on his way would pass many ranches and white men who having heard of this trouble would not treat him good; that they would give him no "chehompa, pasutasopa, cook-oo-su, tagaliska and su-me-a-pe spum," (sugar, coffee, bacon, beef and crackers), and wanted me to give him a paper with writing testifying to his excellency, peaceableness and

general good behavior—in short a penning down in black and white of his credentials. Of course I could see no impropriety in this, and therefore took one of the largest sheets of paper I could find in the office of the Union Pacific company, and commenced writing down what I thought might be useful to some poor ranchman on the line of march for the treacherous rascal.

[FACSIMILE COPY.]

The bearer, Little Bear, wishes to be regarded as a good Indian, but don't you trust him—not even as far as you can see. Any one's life is at risk who crosses his path. He has been to Washington City a couple times, and is indeed a sharp, shrewd redskin and will take the life of a pale face for a small offense just as readily as for a great offense.

I folded it up and carefully placed it in a large red tape official envelope and handed it to the hero. With many thanks he folded it away in a couple yards of red calico, to be exhibited to all whites from whom plenty of the necessaries of life was expected to be forthcoming. This style of credentials is quite extensively carried by the Sioux and Cheyennes, which furnishes a splendid guide to the whites.

Some time prior to this affair an old chief by the name of "White Crane Walking" sent for me to come and visit his lodge at his camp. So one evening I thought I would call on his highness. I tossed the flap of the entrance to one side, and stooping low, stepped in. A hearty welcome was extended. The coals were quickly raked together and a kettle of game and coffee pot were soon set agoing.

While the feast was being prepared the old chief seemed to take great pleasure in presenting his credentials. He had three or four official documents tied up in softly tanned deer skins. They have no knowledge whatever of the contents of the papers they carry, but form some little idea from the impressiom or effect it has upon the countenance of the party to whom the document is handed to for perusal. Upon this occasion the letter shown to me purported to be written by some army officer as early as 1865. It detailed the trouble that the old fellow had given the government, and that he was very treacherous and had taken not a few white scalps in his time, but now claimed to be a better friend of the pale face and wished to be given many presents and plenty to eat by all the whites. After reading it all over I said "Washtello," (good), which was very elating to the old Indian's heart. The others he thought best not to exhibit. Perhaps they elicited a less frequent response of "washtello."

Some of the savages carry papers obtained from poor emigrants and others, giving full accounts of the most cruel treatment and heart-sickening massacres. The idea of carrying these papers was caused by the government putting certain peaceably disposed Indian subchiefs in authority over others of a warlike tendency, and thus furnish them with written authority that officers and soldiers of the army might always know them. Chiefs promoted in this way, and often kept in authority by military force until the matter became a recognized fact, had the tendency to inspire with a desire to carry official papers. Poor fellows! Ignorance, to them, is indeed truly bliss.

Little Bear returned to Lodge Pole in high glee. I have not seen him since, traveling perhaps on his credentials, if not gone long ago to the happy hunting ground, for many are the number that have bitten the dust since the Custer Massacre.

Little Bear was one of the Indians that had an eye to business and money-making. His scheme to get me into the Black Hills country with him was a well contrived affair. Upon the occasion of one of his earlier friendly visits to my lodgings, late in the evening, he seemed to want to communicate something wonderful, wished the door closed and fastened, the fire somewhat dimmed and the lamp turned low.

We sat down side by side; he with elbows resting on his knees, smoking his pipe. He turned to me and spoke scarcely above a whisper, as if the very walls and dirt roof, had ears that should not listen to his utterings.

"Soppa donka chisilla ota, ota," (in the Black Hills there is gold dust in great quantities.) And then he represented the country where he saw so much fine gold, by saying the water rushed down in a cascade and in like manner over rich gold bearing quartz rock, and that a little ways below he waded in the stream, and could scoop up a wagon-box full of gold dust in a very short time. And for doing this for me he wanted to know how many ponies I was willing to give him.

One hundred was his price, but finally he agreed to fill a wagon box for fifty good ponies.

In five sleeps at midnight we were to start, so that no one should see us go, for it would be sure death to him to pilot white men into that land of gold, since their

great fear was, that once known to the pale face, they could no longer retain their country—a fact since demonstrated.

One poor squaw had her skull split open with a tomahawk in the hands of one of her own kin, for trading a $30 gold nugget for a few yards of calico, and a couple of quarts of corn meal. That there was lots of the precious metal in that region of the country, but little doubt remained for not only a few but many of their number had in their possession quantities of it varying in value from $5 to $100.

I went down to the village on Lodge Pole one afternoon to look after some robes that were being tanned there for me, and was met near the tepes by and old, old Indian in a state of almost entire nudity, very feeble and dim-sighted.

He had spied me approaching their camp and had come out a little ways to meet me. The young men were all off on a hunt, and the squaws were busily engaged chipping away at the buffalo hides, stretched out on the sod. I could not imagine why he was so cautious about keeping hid from the sight of those so busily engaged at camp. I was about to pass when he beckoned me to come to him. I shall never forget the expression of countenance as he gazed up into my face from his crouched down posture in a half doubting and half confiding look—tremblingly saying, me sick, me ocenea, (sick and old.) To convey to me his age he held up his hands with spread out fingers, alternately opening and closing them ten times—the last—keeping three of the left hand down. Ninety-seven summers and winters had passed over his head.

He appeared to have a firm grip on one corner of his old blue blanket, the only article of apparel about him. He very cautiously took from it two small parcels, consisting of a piece of buckskin with the corners of each securely tied together. One of the articles he placed under his elbow that rested on his knee, the other was opened and placed in his hand, then with another penetrating glare he extended his right hand for a shake, in the meantime saying, "how cola, (friend) how." Then venturing to reach to me the opened package further remarked, "swap mimewalka," (trade for whiskey.) Upon inspection I found that there was about $30 of coarse gold dust in each parcel, which was of no value to him, and he would swap it whether or no for two pop bottles full of fire-water to cheer and gladden his sad and weary heart in the dark and dreary evening of life.

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CHAPTER II.

KILLED ONE HUNDRED AND TWO INDIANS

It was at Julesburg that the acquaintance with the Goodwin boys, George and Calvin, was formed. These men, heads of families, whose homes were fifty miles up the river, were regular buffalo hunters, having been engaged in the business of slaying buffalo and other large game, from boyhood—following in the wake of the vast herds from the time they commence moving southward, in the Fall, till their return in the Spring—trips even less unfrequently attended with the usual peril incident to frontier life, in consequence of the superabundance of wild savages in quiet search, not so much for quadrupeds as for bipeds of the genus homo type, with a decided preference for long-haired specimens, as will be shown in a future chapter; which gives Calvin Goodwin's own account of his having to compel one hundred and two Indians to bite the dust in one hundred and one shots, from his 70-grain Sharp's sporting rifle, in order to save his own life. Listening to the thrilling adventures and exciting sports in the buffalo chase, and being informed that countless thousands of those huge animals ranged but a day's journey up the Platte, made me only too anxious to get among them. The next morning, after the Goodwins disposed of their respective loads of robes, hides and wolf pelts, I joined them on their return up the Platte valley, keeping on the left bank of the river. The road had its crooks and turns as well as the river,

but in direct opposition to one another, so that, at times, we were fully a half-mile from the river, on the banks of which were plainly visible the smoked tepes of the savages, in villages varying from one to five miles apart. The cartridge rifle that I brought along from Ohio, and with which I expected to do wonders among the wilds of the West, now dwindled into comparative insignificance by the side of the 70, 90 and 120-grain guns, shooting ounce balls. The greatest quandary with me was how I might put an end to the derision the "grasshopper pop-gun" seemed to elicit from the old buffalo hunters- Mr. George Goodwin suggested that I might trade it off to some Indian boy for a robe or two, and for this purpose we pulled over to one of the Indian camps. Previous to doing so, however, (since the Indian is an expert on fire-arms) it was thought advisable to provide for a defect the little rifle was heir to, that of requiring two strokes of the hammer to send the bullet out. Consequently a cartridge was placed in the chamber and helped along by giving it a preliminary snap. Our approach to the village was signaled by the deafening howls of more than a hundred curs of all sizes and colors. And in a very brief interval our wagon was surrounded by an equally mottled group of the villagers, the later characteristic due principally to the various shades of their wrappings, from the crude flour sack to the costly beaver. It all remained with Goodwin as to what should be done, he having a smattering of the Sioux language, which to myself, at that time, was a dead letter. The most prominent looking savage among them was "Fire-lightning," who seemed to take a fancy to the little rifle, doubtless for

his son, a lad of about fourteen summers. Another Indian had proposed first for a trade, offering one and then two robes for the gun and ammunition, but promptly refused by Goodwin, saying that he wanted three. There is something singular about the Indians when trading. It seems to be an invariable rule among them, that when any of them are on a swap all the others appear to urge the trade, no matter how anxious either of them may want the same article—no interference whatever, and as was manifested in this case—for no sooner had the first Indian picked up his two robes exclaiming, "No swap," than the Chief, Fire-lightning, threw up his hand and remarked: "Swap!" "Lonka Bushalo, Sela-washta Igilaka"—meaning that he had a fine big buffalo robe to trade on a gun for his boy, and in a few moments spread out one of the finest painted robes that I had ever seen. Of course, the old fellow wanted to shoot a couple of times, but our time being limited, he was allowed only one shot, the bullet striking the water in line with, and just beyond, the black snag in the river, a few hundred yards distant. It was a pleasing test—an accidental shot thought I. An Indian won't have a bad gun if he knows it, though more of that kind would enable the escape of more whites when raided upon by these hungry scalp-takers, which is too often the case.

In due time I became the owner of a buffalo gun, and the next thing in order was to know how well it would perform the work. And for this purpose we had a fair opportunity to test its merits, soon after our arrival at the home of the Goodwins. During our wakeful hours at night, we lay thinking of the conquests we

hoped to make the next day. I was up bright and early on the outlook for the coveted game, and my expectations were fully realized, from the fact that I did not have to look in vain. The buffalo had come in from the bluffs to the river in the night and had not started back. The valley at this point on the north side is about two miles in width. The best showing would have been down the valley, since there was a gentle breeze blowing from below, but as the Goodwin boys and Mr. Springer were intending to work at a house down the river that morning, I decided to do my killing above. The nearest herd, numbering about twenty, was not over thirty rods away. I walked squarely up to within a couple hundred yards of them, before they took any notice of my approach. They then commenced to twist their tails and move about, keeping closely bunched. Pretty soon the little herd headed toward the bluffs, slightly lengthening the distance to them. I did not deem it necessary to get into a "splutter," as there were thousands of them in sight and the day before me. I had never hunted game of such dimensions before and knew very little concerning the habits and nature of the buffalo. And, indeed, just then cared but little to know more. My greatest anxiety being to slay a few of them and write the joyful news home. To follow them into the bluffs (which was nothing more than rolling prairie) would seem to be the best idea in order to get a close shot. The motion of this lot had the tendency to set in motion many others, all drifting back into the hills. As soon as the herd disappeared behind the first sand ridge in the foot-hills, I quickened pace to double up on them. The

herd, however, had become slightly excited; perhaps had scented me on the air, for upon gaining the bluffs they started off at a lively pace. I traveled about a half mile further; could have killed a number of antelope, but I was not satisfied with anything short of a buffalo. Everything looked wild up there; the earth seemed to swarm with animal life. Wolves on all sides, barking and howling. There were lots of swifts (a specie of wolf), badgers, skunks, and even raccoon, with seemingly no end to the number of prairie dogs. Not a tree could be seen in any direction, save those on the island in the broad Platte.

I was taking a good survey of my situation, of the surrounding and lay of the country in general, when turning to look back and a little to the right of where I was standing, I caught sight of first one, then two more fine buffalo moving right towards me. I dropped slightly back below the bank near by and awaited their coming. In a few minutes they were within seventy yards or less, and tending to the right, up the draw between two ridges. They traveled very slowly, feeding occasionally as they went. I felt just then as though I could handle a much larger and heavier rifle, although my confidence in the ounce ball, backed by seventy grains of good powder in a 14-pound needle gun was implicit. I leveled away at the first buffalo. The ball was sure to hit, for the target was too large to miss, but precisely where, my limited practice afforded no assurance. I heard the slug strike, the buffalo humped up his back and started to run with the other two, but stopped short, turned around and laid down just as a common cow does at night to rest. The

other two stopped a short distance off, and all I had to do was to keep hid and get a little closer. When within about eighty yards I fired again, inducing another to assume a similiar position to that of the first one. I felt very sure that there were not as many wild buffalo on the plains by two as what there were a few minutes previous. I concluded, as the business seemed to be an easy one, I would take in the other which had lit out pretty lively when the second tumbled. Despite all the fast running done to cut him off, the old fellow crossed ahead of me and made good his escape.

I proceeded to the summit of one of the most prominent hills near by, which afforded quite a commanding view for twenty miles over the rolling prairie, which as before remarked, was alive with moving objects. In one direction from where I stood lay a scope of land not unlike the bed of a dry lake, about a mile in diameter, with a heavy growth of grass increasing in length towards the center to about twenty inches. On the opposite side of this basin I discovered a herd of not less that fifty buffalo spread out right and left, feeding along toward the southwest. They were destined to pass right through the middle of the flat and all I had to do was to secure a position in the tall grass in front of the drove to make sure of a few of them. The wind was also favorable, blowing from the herd forward. No time was unnecessarily lost in gaining a point in the tallest grass in advance of the game. To do this a lively gait for about one-third of a mile had to be made, and then a crawl upon hands and knees for a couple hundred yards, little thinking of the danger and terrible condition that awaited me a little further on.

My greatest anxiety and hope was now fully realized—that of being able to place myself in close proximity to the approaching herd of buffalo, unnoticed by them, in order that a few sure shots might be effected. Prostrated at full length upon the ground, amidst the waving grass, with face downward and head resting upon left arm for a last steadying of the nerves so important for an occasion of this kind, the noise of the moving animals became more audible than it otherwise would—especially the breathing in feeding so soon after watering.

The near approach of so many huge animals of the wild kind, of which I knew so little practically, worked a very swift change in the situation; the herd was as close as I cared to have them come, and to stop them for a side shot I only thought it necessary to shake the grass slightly, but finding my mistake, I raised my right arm over my head and with a gentle motioning of the hand expected to check them. But, alas, the onwardly moving herd, dull-eyed and deaf-eared (thought I) to all around, kept mowing off the sweet grass, grunting and blowing away in their forward march, less that fifty yards distant, and heading directly toward the crouched-down modern Nimrod, who hitherto having been so anxious to get a real close shot, was quite willing to risk it at a range less close than even now afforded. No one had for a moment dreamed that they were such revoltingly looking monsters—claws, to be sure, with carniverous teeth, and as "Josh" has it, "should their inability to climb a tree be false, even that mode of escape was rendered ineffectual by a treeless country." No marvel then, that (if in the line of possibility) a fellow's hair

should raise his hat from his head and be seized in turn with an overwhelming eagerness for present as well as future safety—for one day more at least. It is simply astonishing to note the velocity of thought under such trying circumstances, only a certain kind, however. Think of it! Even the tossing of a hat into the uncongenial atmosphere failed of its purpose to avert the coming danger; for to wound a buffalo so near at hand, would be to invite a position more perilous than I cared to place myself in, with no better chance for escape than that afforded in an open prairie. It would have been a useless waste of ammunition to have aimed a shot at the thick, tough, convex craniums coming straight towards me, knowing as I did, that there were but few guns, rifles only, of the best make, that were powerful enough to reach through and beyond the first impediment—that of an inch or more of desert sand compactly imbedded at the roots of the dense coat of long, coarse, curly hair that shrouds the entire head of the buffalo.

I had read of stampeded herds of buffalo rushing right over whole wagon loads of emigrants while traveling on this great American desert, teetotally crushing everything into atoms, and I believed it, too.

It was not until I bounced up in full view immediately in front of these "ferocious-like" looking beasts, that they pretended to at all change their course. A sudden stopping, then sweeping off to the broad side, with heads turned slightly to one side inspecting the object of their fright. Now was my time, with the only danger of being too close. I was impartial in shooting, aiming at no particular one; but, being a

little excited, fired haphazardly right into the thickest bunch. The sharp report of the gun sent them bounding over the prairie at full speed, less one buffalo, and, as it happened, perhaps the very largest one in the whole lot. I managed to get in a second shot, and was glad to see that as there was none fell, there was also none that lingered sickly to the rear, to show fight or give combat. I hastened quickly up to the big, black woolly fellow that fell almost in his tracks at the first crack of the rifle, throwing out the shell and placing the last cartridge in the chamber as I went along, to be ready for any emergency that might arise. The buffalo had fallen on his left side with its back toward me, stretched out at full length on the side of a little mound of gravel and dirt that some rodent animals had excavated from their several dens near by. The buffalo was still tumbling. I laid my gun down a few feet to the left, and as I stepped forward I slipped my sticking knife from my boot with right hand, intending to bleed the animal; but I had no sooner touched the trembling animal than it commenced to strike viciously with "all fours"—the final struggle, thought I. But not so, for had I not been there just at that time Mr. Buffalo would have been complete master of the situation without much effort.

The liveliest scene was now being enacted. A series of fearful struggling, pawing and kicking, with an occasional throwing up of its massive head, and then pinioning its thick horns into the earth, until I was completely played out. I managed to get in a little work with the knife, sending it three times up to the hilt in the region

of the jugular vein. At each stroke or thrust the animal's nose was drawn back towards the brisket, which movement swelled out the neck to a prodigious size, preventing to some extent the deadly aim of the glistening steel. All of a sudden the huge monster would gather himself up, knock his head around, and raising it up look back through firey eye-balls at his assailant, who was only barely enabled to hold on by means of the long hair about the knees of the animal; and were it not for the big hump on the back—a characteristic peculiar to the animal—which aided me very much to retain my position, it serving as a sort of lever to balance the monster, I never could have remained master of the situation as long as I did.

Another advantage that was mine at the onset, was that of having the buffalo on the side of the gravel knoll. Through this I was fast losing, for each struggle left the baffalo in a more favorable position, with the legs working around down slope. And if it was all I could do to manage him with all these advantages, what should I expect when the hair, which was none of the tightest (in the spring-time), was all pulled out and the 14-cwt. pounder gaining strength all the time, instead of losing it. For it appeared that the buffalo had only been stunned in the first place, instead of being mortally wounded as supposed. Yes, a two hours' fight with a real, live, wild buffalo on "these here plains," was a novelty for a "tender-foot" not the most wished for—by any means not—especially when there was no fellow-mortal to witness so brave and daring conduct as that of "staying right with the game." (Perhaps more like the

country school-teacher and the wild cat)—was obliged to stay with it, not by a real teeth grip, but the snap the buffalo had got me into; I dared not let him up, for my own better health. Strange enough under such circumstances that a fellow can think of most everything but the right thing, until it is too late. I succeeded in destroying the right eye with one thrust, and immediately afterwards, in one of the most vigorous struggles, I lost grip of my knife which, falling first on the animal's side, was, in the over eager desire to recover it, swept off on the wrong side, leaving me without even the help of a pocket-knife to aid me in grappling with so formidable an antagonist.

It was the easiest thing imaginable now, after becoming thus powerless, to know how readily and effectually I could dispatch this behemoth of the plains if only my knife was in hand. A simple drop of the long blade—with the weight of the hand and arm—directed to the region of the heart. I felt that I could not hold out much longer the way things were going, having worried too much in the start. And then, too, the intense rays of the sun beating down through such rare atmosphere, the more as the contest waxed hotter, drew heavily upon the reserved physical force—saying nothing of the exhausting influence of something like a slight nervous excitability (?) very correct! Yes, indeed, though it be but a cloven-hoofed ruminant and therefore strictly an herbiverous instead of a voracious carniverous beast, blind of the right eye, and for aught I knew, with sand and dirt in the left, too. Thought I, $50 cash to the individual who would help me out of this awkward and very uncertain

predicament. It's the awful suspense as to future developments in affairs of this kind that grinds down so mercilessly on a fellow's constitution.

I did not want to capitulate directly, though I found myself in a state of free willingness to compromise on terms—say a draw battle, each one to depart in peace. Surely, had his kingship been possessed of one-tenth of the wisdom and out-spoken sense of Balaam's beast, an overture for the re-establishment of friendly relationship would have been propounded in a minute. But no, as dumb and stubborn as an ox, though seemingly instinctively possessed of a clear perception of the actual advantage gained, for his fury became rapidly intensified —so much so indeed that it was by the hardest work that I stuck to him at all—nothing seemed practicable but to fight it on that line to the last. Usually, a general relaxation of muscle succeeded each desperate struggle. In one instance, as the out-stretched form apparently more dead than alive, with left horn deeply pinioned into the earth, evidently recuperating to make a yet more vigorous stroke for liberty, I thought I would quietly let go and slip around to my gun with which, being loaded, I could soon have things all my own way. Alas! no sooner had I slackened the pressure and started quickly back than gravel flew in every direction, propelled by the monster scrambling to regain his footing. And don't you forget it, it took the smallest period of time to do something. Faithful lego—once more to the rescue for dear life! One hundred and seventy-five pounder, avoirdupois—hatless and coatless, bounding through space with a velocity so great that the resistance of the

hitherto calm atmosphere was heightened to that of the raging hurricane around my ears. Strictly "Lot-like," no time was wasted in looking back, for never poor mortal so poignantly experienced at each stride, he took an imagination so akin to the real fact as did that man killing buffalo on the plains. For the first few jumps the feeling of being actually gored could scarcely have been more real. I counted on being chased by the infuriated beast, to be sure, and of course hearing the running noise supposed him right on my heels, until a glance backward over my left shoulder to see whether I was gaining or not, apprised me of the delusion. Behold! the buffalo, instead of taking after his flying antagonist, had headed in another direction and was quite as far from the battle-ground, favoring the wounded eye by slighly inclining his head to the right.

Zounds! Who is afraid of a buffalo, wounded or not wounded? Where is my rifle? I guess it is just as well that no fellow-hunter had been witnessing this contest, especially the closing scene, thought I. Panting, puffing, and wiping off the streaming perspiration from an aching brow, a hasty return to the arena was made.

The prowling wolves began to skulk thievishly away again, deprived of the dainty morsel so recently anticipated. Gathering up my accoutrements and makihg a brief search in the hope of finding at least a few of the missing cartridges lost while crawling up in front of the approaching herd, I shouldered the rifle with but the one load and started in pursuit of the fleeing buffalo; which was just passing out of sight over the edge of the flat towards the river, precisely in the direction from which

he originally came. This strange movement satisfied me at once that the animal was not a little bewildered, if not mortally wounded. I had not proceeded far when my convictions were further corroborated by the free sprinkling of arterial blood. A three-quarters' of a mile walk brought me upon the top of the ridge, but no visible signs of Mr. Bison.

In looking back and beyond the low flat I could plainly see two black objects, stretched out on the side of a small hill, evidencing the fact that my first two buffalo had not made good their escape, as did this one—or perchance only laying off to have a fair chance at their assailant when their turn came around. I am sure I did not feel the least anxiety to steal a march on any more buffalo for awhile, unless they had taken their last breath, as any one would have supposed had he witnessed the precautionary measures adoped in reconoitering and skirmishing around these two once wild animal's, though now dead—yes, two hours ago, from all appearances. However, I concluded to make it doubly sure by severing their heads pretty well off before leaving them to themselves.

It was between three and four miles to the Goodwin ranch, and if I hurried along we might still have time to return on horseback for the pelts that same evening. I was pretty well up into the bluffs, out of sight of the ranch, and had to guess the direction. I started out at a lively gait and as I went began thinking over the doings of the day, and the more I thought the more excited I got, until all of a sudden my attention was arrested by the moving of a black object, partially con-

cealed behind a slight embankment, less than two hundred yards to the front. The big hump on its back was an unmistakable evidence of its identity. As I had not the slightest idea of running across that crippled buffalo again, imagine my surprise when the passing animal came up in full view, recognizing it as my former antagonist, right here in open rebellion, for he whirled around, pawed the dirt and shook his massive head, as if to charge on me at once. I was in no way prepared for this new phase in the situation, and dropped quickly on the ground to avoid if possible an attack. Then he would rack off a few yards and whirl with menacing threats as before. I was perhaps full as eager to widen the space between us as Mr. Buffalo was, and at each intervening opportunity would shy off in an opposite direction, recklessly indifferent as to any other source of danger. Of course I occasionally took a glance where I was stepping; but this time it was a strange blowing, rumbling sound that carried my eyes downward to a point where lay at full length a huge, yellowish spotted, glossy serpent, almost within the compass of another step, ugh! and I found myself high up in the air, only to come down still more dangerously close to the hissing, forked-tongued, up-headed, coiling reptile. I did not come down exactly straddle of him, but entirely too close to remain long. The instant my feet touched the sod I bounded back like a rubber ball, and dropping my gun into left hand, took two steps forward and just making the third for a good sure line shot that might without fail dispatch his snakeship, when—horror of horrors!—a yet more prodigious and repulsive, slimy looking creature than the

first, sounded its warning right under my nose. Who says that man does not act from momentary impulse? My forward motion carried me skyward and far beyond. When I came in contact with mother earth again, I never looked back nor stopped for one moment to see what had become of the scary things of this mundane sphere. It seemed that every crooked twig, twisted weed, and even the spears of grass took life and began to crawl about, and I jumped many times, at various objects, before the Goodwin ranch was reached.

As soon as my return was noticed by the working party below, one of the men (Cal. Goodwin), set out towards his home purposing to make our meeting there simultaneous, he thinking that perhaps I had secured some game, by the frequent shooting distinctly heard in the bluffs—which, if true, should be taken care of ere the wolves played havoc with it all.

When near the ranch and in easy hearing distance, Cal. set afloat a few strains of his peculiar lingo of double adjectives and twisted superlatives—to know the reason of the big hurry and long steps that I was measuring across the valley. It may be that the great excitement, in a great measure, unfitted me to be an accurate judge as to what was said on either side. How-be-it, Cal. still persists that the conversation ran about thusly:

"Cal, do you see that buffalo limping along away over yonder?"

"Yes, it came out of the bluffs just opposite to where we were working, an hour ago."

"Well, sir, Cal, I had the old fellow down, gouged his

eyes out and cut his neck off, fought him for two hours, and then he got away."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, sir, I did! and, Cal, if you'll kill that buffalo for me, I'll give you ten dollars. I just want that hide for a relic, since I had that fight."

The man, that donned the buckskin breeches, leather-fringed hunting shirt, broad-brimmed white felt hat, and Indian-beaded moccasins, took a glance in the direction of the bovine in question, simultaneously exchanging the thoroughly masticated, juiceless plug, for a double portion from a fresh plug of Lorrillard's best, then stepped quickly to the door, where were standing his wife, Eliza, and their, flaxen-haired boy, and said: "Lize, where's Betsy?" (meaning his rifle), which was soon lifted from its place in the wooden hooks nailed to the cedar ridge-pole of their earthly domicle, and instantly put in trim. The question of my having wounded the buffalo in a hand to hand (?) encounter and in a manner anything like my language indicated, was not for a moment tolerated. It was not the thing most likely for a tender-foot to do, thought he, and therefore neither a difficult nor hazardous undertaking for a ten-dollar note. But when he came out again, he placed "Betsy" upon the ground, and resting his hands on the muzzle, exclaimed:

"What do you mean to say you did with that buffalo?"

"Precisely what I said I did. That buffalo going yonder I really did have a big tussle with; and, Cal, if you doubt it, right there the turf and gravel is fearfully torn up, and lots of blood scattered around. Yes, sir! 'tis a fact. I fired into a herd of about fifty, and as a result, what

seemed to me the largest one in the bunch, was brought sprawling on the ground. I thought he was killed outright, and when I got to him I threw my rifle to one side and proceeded with my sticking-knife to give him a good, thorough bleeding, when the monster seemed just fairly to waken up, and in the struggle that followed I lost my knife, and therefore unable to do anything. But when, after a prolonged, desperate effort to liberate himself, and he laying apparently exhausted from over exercise, I loosing hold on him to recover my gun, he suddenly sprang upon his feet again and lit out for dear life."

The earnest manner of the speaker dispelled all doubts touching the veracity of the statement, and then it was that J. C. Funderburgh was made the target for one of those scathing rebukes for foolishness and simple-minded dumbness, that only a buffalo hunter of life-long duration is capable of ventilating.

To hear an old hand in the business declaring that he would not even now tackle the wounded beast, on horseback, for ten times the offered sum; and not for any consideration would he have taken the chances being "hors de combat" at the instance the infuriated animal regained his footing, and averring that my chance of escape was barely one out of a hundred, was sufficient to make the most staunch quake and grow pale.

Feeling very tired I hailed with exquisite joy the quiet rest taken during the evening, though I did not sleep equally well, for the mean buffalo had me spell-bound all night long.

I was informed that the snakes I had run across were of the species known as the bull snake—that look more

hideous than they are dangerous, excepting when they are mad when the bite is fatal. The greatest mystery to Cal was that I had escaped from being pursued by the wounded buffalo; the alleged reason was because of impaired sight.

The next day (Sunday) came and went—nothing done, but securing the pelts of those two buffalo the previous evening. A beautiful Monday morning found all hands stirring briskly about, perfecting arrangements for an early start on the week's hunt that had been so much anticipated by us all. The outfit was composed of a light wagon, drawn by two horses, two saddle ponies, bedding, cooking utensils—among which the inevitable "Dutch oven" was the most conspicuous, a sack of flour, a little corn meal, salt and pepper; no meat. for we intended partially to subsist on the aromatic dainties of the prairie wilds.

By nine o'clock we marched out northwestward across the valley and into the bluffs and rolling prairie beyond. The first halt that was made was where I had shot the two buffalo on Saturday. The wolves had been there by the scores. The next was where the eventful scene took place with the wounded buffalo. Thence our course was in a south-westward direction, aiming to reach the Big Spring, about four miles distant, by nooning time—at one p. m. we were there. Our ponies were picketed out to graze. And in a little while our party of four—the Goodwin's, D. W. Springer and myself—were naturally disposing of the sumptuous repast of tender Mallard ducks fried and snowflake biscuits. The intention was to camp here and hunt from this point for at least

two days. A more desirable camping-place could not be found anywhere. The strong flow of pure, ice-cold water from the rocky point thirty feet above the level of the little valley over which it spreads itself, making green in early spring the young grasses for the antelope, deer and other animals that frequent the locality as a watering place. The pools are full of fish, and plenty of ducks, and often flocks of geese, abound. The adjacent country is generally broken, except on the southwest there is quite a scope of table land; no timber; occasionally a slight sprinkling of cottonwood trees of small growth are noticeable in the ravines and more moist places, while farther out and on higher and drier soil there is a free and liberal supply of red cedar with which, for posts, the better-to-do farmers of the Platte valley have been enabled to make the handsome enclosures of those large areas of farming lands now under cultivation. There were numerous bunches of buffalo that dotted the prairie westward, ranging at a distance of from two to five miles, all working forward to the place of watering. But little shooting was indulged in, only enough to supply our commissary with some venison and antelope steak, in order that the good time anticipated for the morrow might be fully realized.

A fair quantity of fuel (buffalo chips) for cooking purposes was gathered up; some time was devoted to killing rattlesnakes and in digging up wild onions that grow here in countless myriads—a very savory dish when properly prepared for table use. The natural cave in the cliff with stone roof and floor, near by, was of some interest—an excellent shelter in case of a storm or an

attack from the Indians. The cave showed signs of having been occupied in the past, having a fire-place, and many rude carvings on the walls. The evening was passed sitting around the blazing fire, telling of wild adventures on the plains. Our bedding was spread out upon the grass in the open air, and as the fire died out the sweet (?) voiced wolves chimed in a closer chorus of song to waft us over into the dreamland of morpheus.

One good nap, and upon waking up found myself alone. Cal had slipped out to take a survey of the game in sight; he was standing on a hill overlooking the range a little ways off. He came running back for his rifle, and telling me if I wanted to see him make a killing I must go up there where he had been standing. I did so while he buckled on his cartridge belt and struck up the ravine towards the north. I saw many buffalo, as it grew lighter, in every direction, and soon heard the sharp report of the rifle and then I saw a buffalo tumble; a second and third one followed suit before I caught a glimpse of Cal. He ran forward a few hundred feet, reloading as he went, and dropping upon left knee fetched down a fourth and in like manner a fifth and sixth buffalo, when a shell got fast in his gun just as the fourth had scrambled upon its feet again and came tearing back pellmell for a fight.

The occasion, for the time being, was one of painful interest to the looker-on. The crippled buffalo was alarmingly close—but two or three bounds more and the worst would be at hand. The extra exertion to avert the extreme peril was happily enough, attended with perfect success; the old shell once extracted a new

cartridge was quickly chambered, the latter feat simultaneously with the bringing forward of the rifle for a guess shot, there being no time to take aim. A charging buffalo carries his head and horns very low, with nose extending downward; at the sharp report of the rifle the massive head struck the turf, causing Mr. buffalo to appear to roll several times over ere he stopped short, never to go again. The shooting naturally awoke the other members of the party, who set about preparing the morning meal, while Cal and I gave a little special attention to a couple of the fattest carcasses for future use. An abundant fry of tenderloin, together with a slight sprinkling of "prairie oysters," for those whose tastes they suited, constituted the meat portion of our breakfast.

During the day we were visited by five or six of the settlers from the Platte valley. Some of them remained over night, others, with what meat they wanted, returned to their homes, eight to twelve miles distant.

Our object out, was not so much to make a hard hunt, as that of having a week's recreation, camping out, and taking whatever of game boldly encroached upon our camping grounds. In other words, only those that ventured within gun-shot range, which means, I suppose, all of one mile.

The third day, inclusive, after having staked out seventeen large hides to dry till our return homeward, we packed our kit and struck out over the rolling prairie toward the southwest, to a favorite camp, known to the hunter as "the point of rocks." There were some buffalo seen at a distance, but owing to the high table-land that

we were traveling over rendered all attempts at their capture futile. The lay of the land for several miles adjacent to the "point of rocks" is very undulating, rocky and bluffy, making excellent hunting grounds. The creek bed was in a manner dry, the few pools of water yet remaining in the deeper wash-outs furnished the attraction for a few hundred buffalo and other game, such as antelope and black-tailed deer; of the latter we supplied ourselves with two upon our arrival, which gave us a change of diet. We met with good success here—in fact the liveliest sport of the week was experienced at this camp, in that of capturing buffalo calves, from six to eight weeks old. They are very long winded, sometimes requiring a two-hours race to tire them out, using two ponies in the work. The old ones usually fight for their young when attacked by an enemy. However, this is seldom true when man is the assailant, unless wounded or otherwise badly crippled, when they seem to fear nothing. The capture and the shipment of young buffalo and elk in pairs for park ornaments has been carried on extensively.

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To the traveler in the far west, especially the prairie-schooner tourist, there is seldom if ever an aching void for the want of novelties in the way of excitement that banishes the tedious monotony attendant upon other trips otherwise taken in other lands.

In the last of the many trips made to Greeley (county seat of Weld county) from Julesburg and intermediate points along the Platte River, during the three years en-

campment in the valley—there occurred an incident or two worthy of mention.

The distance to Greeley from place of starting was a little over one hundred miles. I had ample transportation in the shape of a span of matched roan ponies and a good, stout mule on which to strap the bedding and other luggage necessary for a traveler's comfort in camping out. The road on either side of the river was good enough, though the one on the south side was preferred in consequence of there being a less area of sand streaks to cross on the way. This necessitated the fording of the Platte, which was accomplished with good success considering the treacherous bottom. Having only to dismount once to enable the ponies to liberate themselves from the bed of quicksand that we had dropped into. And I am not so sure but that it was the identical bar that I had by way of joke unsuspectedly decoyed the two Ohio excursionists into, when, attempting to cross at or near this point when they were out the year previous, killing buffalo and looking up a suitable stock ranch for the accommation of five or six hundred head of young cattle that one of the party, Mr. Ed. Hamlet, of Clarke county, had in prospect to do. At any rate, the old camp fire mark was still visible on the opposite shore, and served to recall the circumstance afresh, and laugh it all over again, for it was indeed an amusing affair, not so much so to one hearing about it as to one seeing it. Indeed a few jottings of that trip may not be amiss in this article, so I will give them to the reader in good faith.

This trip was made from Julesburg with a wagon, two

very small sized Texas mules and one saddle pony. In the first day's drive there was but little of interest to see. Antelope, a few wolves and some swifts and jack rabbits were about all. Of course the difficulties and peril in fording the great Platte River were portrayed in the strongest terms possible. The fact that wild animals of the plains often get mired in the quicksands and perish there; others in attempting to cross, drop suddenly out of sight, never to be seen again; and in several instances human beings had met with a similar fate. These truths, in view of the fact that we had to make the crossing further up the stream, ourselves, was all in all a matter of no little terror, to some of the party, at least.

Early in the morning of the second day we intercepted a small herd of about forty buffalo, making their way back to the bluffs from the river, whence they had been to drink. We halted until the buffalo passed out of sight, and then hastily slipped the harness from off the mules, and with guns in hand, mounted and galloped across the trail in the rear, and came around on the opposite side and in front of the herd. This move gave us the advantage of the wind.

Once in front, we moved very cautiously. The only way of knowing our position to the buffalo was in watching them as they crossed the ridges; for we were right in among the sand hills and bluffs. Not being certain just where the animals would pass us, or as to their location, we dismounted and ran a couple hundred yards, obliquely forward to the side of a sand ridge, and before peeping over, made a brief halt for a few fresh breaths; but the

noise just over on the other side, although very slight through the sand, was sufficient to indicate the fact that no time must be lost if we would capture a prize out of that number. A nice sight, for they had struck up a lope. Almost too late. A few shots from the Spencer carbines at the rear ones of the herd. Brother Isaac was the only one that succeeded in stopping his buffalo from further flight. Ed. thinks, however, that his buffalo carried away equally as much lead as the captured one had received, but was not lodged at the right place quite. It happened to be a blue silk robe, a very rare specimen, which was carefully secured, together with a couple hundred pounds of the best of the meat, after which we marched back to our wagon. The buffalo chase had virtually blotted out all our thoughts of Platte river horrors.

As we moved along up the river I kept a sharp lookout for a good crossing. A little quicksand was desired in the way to furnish the occasion for a little fun. It should be remembered that as in a former chapter stated, the Platte river varies from one-fourth to one-half mile in width, and that its bed is one continuous sheet of sand over which the water spreads, and owing to the large quantity of quicksand mixed with the other sand, the foundation is a sandy one indeed. The water is high only in spring and summer. In the fall and winter it can be quite easily forded most anywhere, except for the streaks of these quicksands that lay with the current, but which can be, when the water is clear, as in the fall and winter usually, readily detected by any one acquainted with the various appearances and movements of the sand.

A fording was proposed, when the boys thought they spied an elk grazing on the opposite bank. I was riding the pony. Ed. held the lines in the wagon, while my brother Ike, on the seat by his side, wielded the whip. Their eagerness to gobble up that elk was just the thing in point to divert the attention from the little strip of quicksand that I had to ride fifty feet down the stream to get on the opposite side of, before I could tell them to drive in. Being already out in the channel a hundred feet or more, I called to them to come ahead and to keep right in my trail. All of a sudden, down went the little mules midside about as deep as they could get in such a narrow streak, and the worst is always right in the start, for the adjacent sands soon fill in, and the more pawing and stamping around, the solider becomes the foundation.

Fifty dollars for a photograph! The soundings of alarm and distress coming from that sinking wagon was in their minds no false alarm, and don't you forget it. Upon the highest point on the wagon seat were perched the frightened occupants. The air was being loaded as fast as it was possible for any two linguists to do it, with such like terms as, Help! Here! Quick! Come! Tell them at home! Oh! my—send watch, etc. Of course, as quick as possible I came to their rescue, and seeing that a trace was loose and the tongue was out of the neckyoke ring, some one had to get into the water, sure. The boys were somewhat spell-bound, and all that was necessary was to give the command, Jump out! (in a forcible yell) The mules are drowning! The boys both plunged in, expecting to go down several feet into the sand, below the ten or twelve inches of water. But the

sandy bottom had become solid, and the water was less deep than at first, from the filling in of the sand. Everything was straightened up, the crossing effected, and the elk business investigated, which proved to be Cal. Goodwin's old roan pony.

I resume the story of my last and eventful trip up the valley. It was not yet night when the Nicholson ranch was reached, but not having for a long time visited the family, which then consisted of Mrs. Nicholson and her daughter Ida (married), together with four or five younger members—the oldest of whom, in company with the son-in-law, was on the plains twenty miles distant, camping there and killing buffalo. I concluded to accept the pressing invitation to remain with them for the night. The ponies and mule were stabled at the corral and well supplied with hay. After ample justice had been done to the rich viands at the house, and the evening hours whiled away by social chat, the company proceeded to retire for the night. The house was a large, one-story sod structure, with walls three feet thick at the foundation, and tapering to two feet at the top, roofed with pine boards covered with four inches of dirt, supported by a huge cedar ridge pole. One end of the space thus enclosed was cut off by a partition of sun-dried brick, and subdivided for sleeping apartments. Another addition on the northeast, a 12x14 room, was occupied by the mother and two daughters. My bed was fixed down on the floor between the window and the cooking stove.

It must have been near midnight when I was first awakened by the fearful, frightful howling and growl-

ing of the shepherd dog, dashing around the house, trying to get in, first at one door then at the other, and at the two windows. I did not have money enough to fear robbers, though I did have some fears for the security of the stock in the corral. As the dog again flew past the window in such piteous howls, as if clubbed or stoned, I rose up just in time to get a glimpse of a large, strange, white woolly beast close on to poor Shep, who only seemed to escape the jaws of his pursuer by being able to turn the corners quicker. In my wolf overcoat pocket at the foot of the bed was a loaded six, thirty-two caliber, English revolver. With this, before taking a second's thought, I was standing just outside of the door, hid between the thick wall of the doorway, leaning out in order to see the monster circle around the corner. Some slight delay was occasioned. Shep had struck for the stables and hay corral. Pretty soon, however, here came the animal in a slow trot right up to within a few feet of me.

So close was the savage animal that to have extended my arm at full length would have placed the revolver in its mouth. It only required a flash of powder to make visible the hideous spectacle before me—a frothy mouth with ivory-set tusks well displayed, and in the very act of springing forward, was a signal of no slight peril for the moment being.

Four consecutive shots seemed to be the least power possible to exert any influence over the situation. In the moment of excitement my left hand was not idle—if it was vainly employed in a vigorous effort to find the door knob on the side the hinges were attached, for I

had no disposition to stand my ground in battle with such a scary looking beast as the one before me—especially so when no better armed than with a 32 caliber pistol. Just as the fourth ball hit the animal in the throat, he receded, springing off side-wise a few yards, and then commenced whirling around as if to catch its own tail with its mouth.

The remaining two chambers were quickly emptied at the gyrating monster as he fled around the corner of the house out of sight. I immediately went into the house, remarking audible as the door closed, "I guess we'll not be bothered any more to-night;" done it in order to allay the fear that any of the family may have had as to any further disturbance.

I lay me down for another nap, but my nerves were a little too sensitive to allow of that, hence the few remaining hours were spent in meditating upon the fracas that had occurred, and what kind of an animal it really was.

I got up early, built a fire in the stove and as soon as day dawned, sufficient to see the tracks in the slight skift of snow that covered the ground, I began the search for the carcass that I supposed could be found within a few hundred yards of the ranch. The snow in front of the house was freely stained with arterial blood, that indicated, in all probability, a mortal wound. The track led out towards the river through the weeds and tall grass around the corral, coming again towards the house on the southwest side to the road, which it seemed to follow in its course up the river. The great profusion of blood together with the irregular steps, as indicated by

the foot-prints, revealed quite certainly the fact that my suspicions were well founded.

The morning air was very chilly, and not knowing how far the carcass may yet lie, I returned, intending after breakfast to take up the trail again. In the meantime the discovery was made by the family that their two big spotted hogs in the stable were badly bitten in the shoulders and quarters—supposed to have been done by this same animal, for the stable door was open, the dog having doubtlessly pulled out the pin while endeavoring to get in, giving the wild animal admittance there some time previous to the shooting.

While breakfasting, the invitation "come in," in answer to the rapping on the door, was responded to by the entrance of a neighbor ranchman living a few miles down the river. In the same breath with which the compliments of the "morning" were exchanged, Mr. Snyder continued in a slightly disturbed tone of voice:

"Did there anything bother you here last night of the wild animal kind?"

"I should say there did. I think the intruder has made a final stop near here from the number of shots it got."

"What do you think it was?"

"Do not know for certain, but think it is a mammoth gray wolf."

"It seemed to us down there more like a white bear, and only for its long, bushy tail would have thought so. It visited our ranch early in the evening, got among the cattle and almost in the sheep pens. Could have shot it at one time but were afraid of killing our Shepherd

dog worth $100,00. I came past Bascom's ranch—it had been there, too—killed a couple of pups and carried off one. At least it's missing.

After breakfast, Mr. Snyder and myself followed the trail about a half mile further than had been done before breakfast, but for the want of time we had to abandon the search.

Nothing more relating to the affair was known until some two weeks later, when there appeared an account of it in one of the Greeley papers to the effect, that a two year old heifer and a calf belonging to the Snyder Bros. had been been bitten by the wolf, had to be killed, in consequence of exhibiting unmistakable evidence of being attacked with hydrophobia.

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PART III.

MY OWN CAPTIVITY.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY, INDIAN LIFE, AND MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF THE WRITER.

I was born in the wild and picturesque valley of the Mohawk, in New York. While but yet a little girl my father moved to the far west, into Illinois. My childhood days were spent amid the varied scenes that surrounded our house on the wide prairies. A stream of of water wended its way along through the grove of timber that skirted its banks; as the deer were free to roam at large, so were we, my little brother and I, for I was the only daughter of my fond parents. My early life was such that I always loved to be free and independent, untrammeled by the usages of fashionable society. I was married in the fall of 1863. The following spring, in company with a number of other emigrants, my husband and myself set out to find a home farther west. The Indian tribes beyond the Missouri had become very hostile and nearly all were on the war path. Notwithstanding these dangers which beset our pathway we wended our way onward toward the setting sun. It is needless to give a detailed account of our tedious and tiresome march; day after day the same routine of life fell to our lot, with now and then a variation in way of

killing some large game, such as deer, antelope, or buffalo, as we traveled up the Platte valley. The hours of noon and evening were generally of a pleasant nature; our amusements were varied, sometimes singing, sometimes reading, and not unfrequently innocent games were indulged in by the younger members of the company. Only those who have crossed the plains in like manner can have a true conception of the hearty relish with which we ate our meals around the camp fires, or of the refreshing sleep we indulged in while breathing the health-giving air of the valley and plain. Occasionally we would see a roving band of Indians in sight, and not unfrequently would we hear of some emigrants being massacred on ahead of us, or a day's march or so in our rear. Being of a considerable number we had but little fears from the Indians. Arriving at Julesburg, in the extreme north-east corner of Colorado, a consultation was held, as to whether we should take the old California route up the South Platte valley, or the north route. Finally we agreed to take the southern route. After several days travel we came in sight of the lofty peaks of the old Rocky Mountains. The sight of these seemed to inspire new life in every heart. We went into camp, feeling more cheerful than usual. At the last station we passed, my husband and some others of the company bought some fire-wood by the pound, as there were some of us in the company that could not get altogether reconciled to the use of the usual fuel, that of "buffalo chips." But little timber was to be found along this valley. Our camp on this memorable night was by the mouth of a small stream of water.

It was a lovely spot. The plains were covered with a perfect sea of beautiful flowers of almost every hue; the children of the party gathered them in profusion, and plaited wreaths with which they crowned their innocent heads, little thinking they were taking their last hours of pleasure in this world. The sight was a most delightful one, especially so until the moon went down; but few Indians had been seen for the last few days, hence the night watchmen, who kept watch over our stock, had become, as we supposed, careless, at all events a large band of Indians took the camp by complete surprise about an hour before daylight on the morning of the 12th of July. Their first effort was to stampede our stock and kill the watchmen, in which they were successful. Their unearthly war whoop sent terror to every heart. Our men, recovering from their first shock, hastily prepared for a defense, but alas! defense was all in vain against such great odds. We do not wish to shock the feelings of our readers with an account of the terrible massacre; our brave men were cut down; so were the terror stricken children as well as some of the women. I saw my own husband murdered before my face, and the last remembrance I have of the fierce combat was my falling upon the dying form of my husband, who had given his life in my defense. When consciousness returned I was lying upon the grass near the bank of the little stream and Indian eyes peering at me from every side. I knew not whether I was awake or dreaming, but after a time the dread reality was forced upon my mind that I had been spared and was now a captive among the Indians—the Sioux—and what my fate would be was indeed uncertain to me.

Finding now that I was a captive among the savage host who had slain all who were most dear to me, my experience was terrible, such as only those in like circumstances can have a true conception of. A yearning sprang up in my heart to escape upon the first opportunity that offered, but to think of an opportunity at that time seemed visionary, surrounded as I was on every side by the wily, watching captors; yet it was that hope that nerved me to withstand the trials through which I had to pass. Having been reared by pious parents, I had a firm trust in God that He would open up a way that I might be restored to civilization. Many talk of a faith and confiding trust in God, but only those whose hopes on earth are well nigh ended, and who are ready to sink down in unutterable anguish of darkness and despair, can truly testify as to the real worth of that endearing trust in the hand of Omnipotence.

After the savages had gathered together all the spoils they could take with them, the rest, including the wagons, were thrown into a mass and set fire to. The crackling flames that greeted my sight on that morning seem to yet retain a place in my vision. Long ere the fires had ceased their devouring work, the Indians hurried across the river and wended their way across the high, rolling bluffs that at this point came down to the river bank. A chief named Wauena had taken me under his charge. A heavy blanket was strapped upon one of his ponies and I was lifted upon the animal's back with an Indian boy behind me. Being unsued to horseback riding, it was not long until I became very tired and sick at heart, but there was no other alternative but to follow on, ac-

companied by the chief, who would spur my pony forward with an almost continued lashing of the poor animal's hips with his rawhide "Quirt." Having gone some miles in a northerly direction, there was a halt and I noticed quite a commotion had taken place among the crew of dusky savages; all seemed to be intent on an eager gaze eastward down the river. The morning was clear and beautiful and the sun was ascending the heavens in all his grandeur. After my pony had also come to a halt, I looked in the direction the Indians were gazing and soon discovered the cause of their halt and general outlook. Many miles off could be seen a line of emigrant wagons wending their way up the river bottom, over the same ground which the day before our party had passed over in joyful spirits; but oh! how sad the change! An inaudible prayer arose in my breast that they might not meet the same fate. I felt glad that a party was so near who would without doubt consign to the graves those of our party who lay in the embrace of death by the roadside where we had camped the last night. A consultation of war was held by the savages, violent speeches were made, a number of young "bucks" (to use the white man's phrase in speaking of the young Indian,) had dismounted and were engaged in a war dance, while the chiefs seemed in consultation as to what to do. Finally, after one of the oldest chiefs had delivered a long harangue accompanied with many violent gestures, he rode on and the rest fell in line and hurried forward. The heat became very oppressive, and my tongue almost clave to the roof of my mouth, owing to the intense thirst I suffered. About noon we passed

down into a deep ravine, where issuing from the miry clay water was found, though in appearance somewhat repulsive, yet to me it was refreshing. Along the edge of the swamp or bog a green tufty grass grew in profusion. The party dismounted and turned their ponies loose to graze—that is, all but a few scouts that were kept out upon the highest knobs as a picket force, in order to guard against any party that might be in pursuit. I was so very tired, sick and sore, that it was with difficulty that I could dismount. Wauena spread a robe upon the ground and bid me occupy it. I sank upon it in an exhausted state, with a feeling that I could welcome death there and then. It would take a long while to tell of all my wakeful dreams, meditations, and forebodings; suffice it to say, childhood memories with all its past joys, my foresaken home by the gentle river, parents and youthful associates, the days of my courtship and happy marriage, all played part in my whirling, dizzy brain. Then I would live over again as it were the horrors of the past night, and wonder what my future would be. I was aroused from my reveries by that same unearthly war-whoop that I had heard for the first time that morning when the Indians had made their first raid on our company. I discovered that a number of warriors had sprang into their saddles, or upon the bare backs of their ponies, and had darted out of the ravine in utmost haste. My first thought was that a rescuing party of friends was at hand, and oh! how quick my heart did beat. But no; I was disappointed, as I afterwards learned the tumult was occasioned in consequence of a number of buffalo near at hand and an

effort made to secure some meat, which proved successful. After a rest of several hours, Wauena came with the boy before mentioned, who I learned was his son, and bid me rise. With difficulty I complied, and prepation was made to resume our journey in like manner as it had been in the morning.

On and on we wended our way over the trackless plains; all around me seemed to harmonize in desolation with my own poor heart. Not a tree was to be seen. A short grass which was brown and seer (owing to the heat of the burning sun upon the parched plain) covered the ground, with now and then large patches of the cactus spread out across our way. As the sun was about setting behind the far distant mountains, we suddenly came in sight of a grove of timber and soon made a descent into a little valley where there was a small running stream of water and abundance of luxuriant grass. The balm of a "thousand flowers" seemed to spend their fragrance on the desert air. Though weary and worn out, this spot seemed to arouse me from that spirit of despair that had settled upon me. The encampment spot being reached, what few tents were in the company were put up. I was assigned a resting place in one of them in company with the chief's son and a few of the laziest of the crew. It was long after the shades of night had settled around us, that the boy before mentioned, whose name was Naora, brought to me a piece of fresh buffalo meat, for which I had but little relish, though I had eaten nothing since the night before. I was soon left alone to meditate on my surroundings.

There seemed to be a great deal of confusion among the Indians in camp, the cause of which I was entirely ignorant, but I had occasion to soon learn what it all meant. Wauena entered the "tepee" in an abrupt manner and taking me roughly by the arm bid me rise, and he led me forth into a large circle. The whole company of Indians were engaged in forming the circle, in the center of which was an upright pole with arms or a cross, on which were suspended human scalps. To me the scene was shocking, and I became paralyzed with fear, for I really thought I was to die by torture. Very soon the scalp dance commenced and I was jerked from side to side with efforts to force me take part in their savage exhibition. Unable to keep upon my feet during the continuation of the dance, I sank into a half unconscious state to the ground. Then the dancers, with gleaming torches held over their heads and with countenances full of all the hideousness of demons, would perform their terrible gyrations around and over me, thrusting their torches near my face. Finally this terrible ordeal came to an end, and all became quiet and a general counsel was held. I was conscious enough to learn from the gestures and glances toward myself, that I was the object of their deliberations, and I afterwards learned that it was then and there decided that I should be permitted to live. There being several chiefs who lay claim to me by right of capture, there was much disputing as to which of them I should be assigned in charge of for the future. Wauena gained the coveted privilege to take me in charge, and as he came to me he assisted me to my feet, and taking a feather from his cap thrust it through

my hair and led me away, amid a confusion of shouts and war-whoops that seemed to make the earth tremble under my feet. The transferring of a feather from the cap of the capturer to the captive, is the savage sign of superiority of right over the prisoner.

Once more within the tent of my captor, I sank upon the blanket spread upon the ground and in an almost unconscious state stretched my weary, tired limbs and lay as one dead; in fact, I cared but little for what was transpiring around me. Sleep came, but instead of that balm common to happier souls, it brought only terrible dreams in which a horrid picture presented itself; then the scenes of that bloody conflict came before my eyes; I seemed to hear the voice of my husband calling me. How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke there seemed to be a calmness all around, and I felt refreshed and my memory was clear. I could realize my situation, and every event of the day was clear to my mind. I could hear the deep breathing of those lying about me. I thought of escape; the voice I heard, as it were, in my dreams gave me courage. I knew that another day would only make my chances for escape more difficult as I would be further from the road in which emigrants travel. My hope was that if I could effect an escape I could find my way back to the Platte and fall in with a passing train. I looked about me; all seemed favorable; cautiously upon my hands and feet, I made my way out of the tent. The bark of a dog near caused me to lie down upon the ground in the grass, for some minutes; then I ventured to rise to my feet and tread slowly my way to a clump of trees that I could dimly discern at a

distance; arriving safely under the cover of the friendly group, I sat down upon a log a few minutes to gather my thoughts and to decide what course to pursue. Having some idea of the course we had come, I looked upward and my eye met a gleaming star which seemed to bid me come on. Placing the clump of trees between myself and the camp I started onward with all the speed I was capable of; on and on I wandered; hope seemed to give me renewed strength. My course led me into a ravine between some bluffs; the noise of coyotes was now heard in my rear; a new danger seemed to threaten me, but I hurried on. But more rapidly came the pursuing wolves, until at last I could hear them close to my heels. Unfastening the blanket that was around me I used it as a defense, or rather to scare the animals so that they kept a short distance from me, and in this way made the best headway I could. In due time I noticed the coming torchlight in the east and it was in the direction I was going. I now saw I was going in the wrong direction, so I turned to go south; scarcely had I done so when a sound came upon my ears and my heart sank within me. The Indians had discovered my escape and were in search, guided by the noise of the coyotes. I threw myself upon the ground and in the deepest of anguish bemoaned my fate. It was useless to try to elude the search of those wily wretches. I was recaptured and taken back to camp. Being assured the treatment I received was in accordance with the spirit of rebellion or submission on my part, I concluded the best thing I could do was to offer no further resistance to my captivity, but make the best of it. In this way in due

time I was treated kindly, and endured my captivity better than if I had continued to show a disposition to escape.

Day after day we traveled in a northerly direction until we arrived at one of the tributaries of the Tongue River. Wauena and Naora were my constant companions. On arriving at this camping-ground on the banks of a stream of water, the whole company seemed to be in unusually good spirits. I learned that now they were only one day's march from their village and homes. Next morning they all dressed in as gay a manner as possible. Except when in full dress, the Indians' wearing apparel consists only of a buffalo robe or blanket held around them with their hands, or as is sometimes the case a buckskin string may be used. The clothing and trinkets taken from our train were now brought into use, and each warrior arrayed himself in the best style he knew, according to his taste and clothing at command. Their peculiar taste as regards dress rendered them grotesque in appearance. Some of their horses were also gorgeously arrayed; the neck encircled with a wreath of bear claws; bells and human scalps were common in those decorations. All being ready, the last day's march began. Having traveled for some hundreds of miles with the same monotony of life—daily transpiring, I myself felt glad there was to be a change. I had a hope that even among the savage Indians, to be among my own sex, life would be more tolerable, and I hoped for rest and repose.

On arriving at the village in the after part of the day the whole population, including a host of dogs, poured

forth to meet us, amid songs and wild dancing in the most enthusiastic manner, flourishing flags and weapons of warfare. The village stretched for miles along the banks of the stream, and resembled a large military encampment. We went through the village to the distance of near a mile, accompanied all along the line with the enthusiastic escort of men, women, children and dogs. Arriving at the lodge of the head-chief of the band, several of his wives came out to meet him, and Mexican-like, crossed their arms on the chief's breast and smiled. They all looked at me in silent astonishment as I passed on some little farther, where Wauena halted and his wives greeted him in like manner as those had the head chief. I was directed to dismount, which I did, and followed my captor into his tent or lodge. The interior of this rude home was ornamented with some singular designs daubed with colors. On one side was a representation of the Good Spirit; on the other, that of the evil, all according to their imagination of these spirits. The Indians believe in those two deities and pay their homage to them. To the former, that he may do them good and prosper them in the hunt and in war; to the second, that he may teach them cunning arts and tricks. They are taught from infancy that it is their duty to do his bidding, no matter how wicked it is. This may account for some of their ferocities and that brutal nature which they so often exhibit.

I was shown a place where I might sit upon a buffalo robe; the chief's squaws seem to regard me as an intruder, and I imagined they looked upon me with jealousy and disdain. They soon turned their attention to the

spoils their husband had brought. Article after article was opened to their admiring gaze, and a grunt of satisfaction and approval would occasionally escape them. When it come to the division of the goods, there were high words, and finally the eldest of the squaws drew a knife and was for fight in earnest. The chief arose and made a speech and the women became quiet. For some cause, Wauena left the lodge. I looked after him with regret, for terrible as he and his men had been, I had learned to look upon him as my only earthly protector, and those women I looked upon with dread, especially at this time when their blood was up. Numbers of Indians came crowding around the door to peer in at me. To shut out the sight of those hideous visitors I buried my face in my hands and wept like a child, but the women would not leave me long thus; they jerked my hands away and bid me look up—their gestures were such that I could understand them. I was surprised to see occasionally a face of fair complexion. I learned afterward they were the offspring of white men that had married Indian women at the forts. One woman came in accompanied by a fair-skinned little girl. She could speak a little English and told me she was the wife of a soldier at Fort Laramie who had bid her leave him and go to her tribe, which she had done. The women finally all became reconciled to the division of property and set about getting something to eat. They kindly gave me food, and seemed to sympathize with me in my condition. Presently the chief came in and bid me follow him. I had forebodings of evil, concluding another war dance was in order, and perchance I was to be a sacri-

fice to their frenzy; but it was that I should attend the feasts given in honor of the returned warriors.

And inasmuch as the expedition was looked upon as one crowned with success, of course the returned conquerors must be treated to one of the grandest feasts it was in their power to get up.

On such occasions, the principal meat used is the meat of the dog, which among the Indian tribes is considered a dainty dish—one only served upon unusual occasions, and by the chiefs or the most prominent families. Of course I could have no appetite for their proffered dainties. After night-fall I was conducted back to what I now began to consider my home. I was persuaded by one of the women to take some tea which she said would do me good. I finally complied with her request. It was not long ere a drowsiness began to steal over me, and being shown a narrow bed of furs, I at once lay down and was soon unconscious to all around me, and that night was the first night of sweet, refreshing sleep I had since my capture. I arose in the morning greatly refreshed, and in silent thanksgiving remembered my God who had remembered me thus far.

In company with the boy Naora, I was sent out to gather wood and bring it in. The labor of carrying water for the lodge was assigned to me, with other daily duties. I soon became reconciled, under the circumstances, to my lot, believing it was better to show an obedient spirit than the reverse.

The day after our arrival in the village there was a great council of all the chiefs, medicine men and warriors. I was led to the large tent and placed upon an

elevated seat where all could see me. In the center of the circle was an upright pole, on which were suspended many scalps, trophies and ornaments. At the foot of the pole were large kettles, in which was the prepared food for the feast. A large number of wooden bowls were on the ground, out of which the meat was to be served. A few women were stationed in care of the provisions and pipes. Many speeches were made in which frequent allusions were made to me, as I understood by them pointing their finger at me as they spoke. I sat mute with fear, thinking in all probability they had in view some horrible death for me in order to satisfy their insatiate desire for blood. It is impossible to describe my feelings as I sat that day, surrounded by those hideous, blood-thirsty savages. A handsome pipe with long stem was produced, lit and handed to the head-chief; after going through with some maneuvers and muttering some words he drew a few whiffs and passed it around along the entire circle. There was a strict formality and silence in all they did. The meat was served in large bowls in which was also a quantity of soup, and a lage spoon made of buffalo horn. To me was served a portion of the meal. To refuse to eat would excite their displeasure, and to eat I could not, hence the dilemna I was in was painful. I thought it probable the destiny or my life hinged on my eating, and I took a few sups after much urging and then resigned my dish. The guests ate heartily and then retired silently. I afterwards learned this was a religious feast, and made to the honor of the Great Spirit.

Day after day I became more accustomed to the many

strange incidents that are common to Indian life; with the hope still buoyant in my breast that Providence would open up a way for my escape. I bore my state of servitude as best I could. Seldom did I sleep upon a pillow that was not wet with my tears, and on opening my eyes in the morning my first thoughts were of friends far away. I would commence my day in silent supplications to the throne of grace, and in this way I gained much comfort and strength to endure the most trying treatment. In time it appeared to me that many of the Indians looked upon me with something akin to a superstitious awe. After some weeks of a sojourn at this camp, I was apprised of the intentions of the tribe to move to a location some miles below on the Tongue River. The morning for departure came; all was bustle and confusion; in a remarkably short period of time tent-poles were lowered, tents rolled up, cooking utensils put together and tied with raw-hide thongs on to the lower ends of the poles, as they trail the ground from the horses sides to which they are attached. In the move dogs, too, are made useful in like manner, by poles attached to their sides and small burdens placed on the lower ends. The whole village was in commotion; children screaming or yelling at the dogs, which kept up a continual barking or growling under their heavy burdens; the women running to and fro, as they had the work to do. The children are placed in sacks, made of the skins of wild beasts and hung upon saddles, or upon their mothers' backs. Blankets, robes, tents, etc., are placed upon the horses' backs and the women and children are seated thereon. In this way hundreds of

families migrate from place to place. The men and boys are usually mounted on good ponies and ride along at leisure, leaving the women and children to trudge along with their beasts of burden and camp equipments as best they can. The boy Naora brought me a horse with saddle and motioned to me to mount and follow the moving caravan that was spreading out for miles in different directions.

I was left to my own meditations while we traveled on. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the site of the new camp. All again was noise and confusion. I was forced to assist in getting the camp in order, and by dark everything seemed to be about as it was before the move was taken. I noticed that there were not quite so many warriors in the village as usual and learned they had gone off on a scout; that there were a large number of soldiers in close proximity to the camp we left in the morning and that an attack was apprehended, as there was a war between the Sioux and our own government. I was for some time in ignorance as to what division of troops they feared an attack from, but finally learned that General Sully's army was pressing upon the Indians in a way that to them was alarming. On the arrival of the warriors in camp next day I learned that they had an engagement with the troops, and from the feasting and rejoicing, as usual, I had every reason to believe they had not suffered much from the enemy. The scalp dance was performed at night by the light of torches.

Even now, though years have passed, my feelings recoil at the remembrance of the hideous spectacle of human scalps, red with blood, dangling from a pole,

INDIAN WARRIORS OUT ON A SCOUT. (175)

around which both men and women danced in demoniacal glee, and with them I was forced to take a part. Since that I have looked upon dancing as unworthy a civilized people. It is astonishing how, in many things, a people as we are, claiming a high state of civilization, will cling to heathen or savage customs, such as the wearing of trinkets, deforming the body, engaging in soul-debasing revelry, and many other things that originally came from heathenism. The terrible ordeal through which I have passed has taught me that no woman who wishes to be true to the higher and holier instincts of exalted womanhood can consistently stoop to these demoralizing customs so rife in the fashions and customs of to-day.

Owing to the close proximity of the troops all was excitement. The Indians were jealous of the approach of the white man; they desired to hold unmolested possession and sway of those extensive hunting grounds, therefore the antipathy of the red man to its invasion by another people excites deadly hostility. It is apparently their last hope; if they yield and give up this, their idea is that they will either die or yield to the government of the white man. This hatred to an advancing foe is encouraged on every side, and instilled into the minds of the children at an early age. Owing to this fact, is it any wonder the Indian will use every opportunity to kill or steal from and harass the whites?

The region of country, drained by the Tongue and Big Horn rivers, abounds in game; they, too, seem to be affected or disturbed at the approach of a strange people into their accustomed haunts. Herds of elk

proudly stand, with erect antlers, as if charmed by music, or as if curious to understand why it is that this inroad is made upon their long secluded parks or fields of pleasure. The mountain sheep look down from the craggy steeps that skirt the towering cliffs of the mountains, and yield no rival of their charms or excellence for food. The black and white tail deer and antelope congregate in large herds; while the rabbit, the sage hen, and the prairie chicken are nearly trodden under the feet of the intruding stranger before they yield. Brants, geese and ducks swarm around the beautiful lakes and frequent the many streams. The grizzly, cinnamon and black bears are killed and furnish their rich pelts to the hunter; and the buffalo in numberless herds, thousands to the herd, sweep back and forth, filling the valleys as far as the eye can reach; they furnish the Indian his food, raiment, bedding and fuel—fuel in the form of "buffalo chips." Fish abound in the streams, and the country seems to swarm with wolves—their chorus of howls pierce the night air; beavers encumber the streams with their dams, and in places cut down whole groves of timber. The otter, too, is found in plentiful numbers; all of which adds to the Indian's comfort and happiness; to relinguish their last hunting-grounds to another race is to them like giving up all that is most dear to them. But alas! their resistance, though barbarous and determined, is in vain; all attempt to keep back their enemy is futile; they must at last yield to the coming, rolling flood of emigration. The destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race is onward, to conpuer and qossess, regardless of the primeval right of another people.

Only a few days were we permitted to rest at this last mentioned encampment; another move was ordered, and just before we left, one beautiful clear morning, an Indian boy who had died the night previous was hastily buried. The body was wrapped in some old window curtains, relics of the spoils taken from our company at the time of the massacre; a blanket and many trinkets, such as belonged to the boy or love bestowed, were added to the mouldering remains and all consigned to its last resting place, which was left amid loud lamentations from the mother and relatives. Great anxiety was manifested in the movements of the Indians; as we hurried along we could at times hear the sound of battle afar off. The echoes of the booming guns to my captors sent a thrill of fear and dread, but to me it was different. The thought that a detachment of troops—people of my own race—were near, stirred up within me conflicting emotions; it was difficult to restrain them; the Indians who kept their eyes upon me were more cross and unkind than usual. As the newly-captured wild animal pants for liberty, so my poor heart fluttered and longed for deliverance; yet I dreaded its accomplishment, fearing that my life would be taken rather than I should be given up. I was hurried along in front of the moving column of terrified women and crying children. We were almost famishing for water, having taken a course that lay across the dry, barren plain. About nightfall we reached the high banks of a beautiful stream of water; after some search a narrow passage way between the cliffs was found, down through which we passed to the narrow strip of land that skirted the banks of the stream. Here we

camped, and never were poor mortals more eager for rest, food and water.

A few of the Indians were detailed to keep watch over the horses, as they wandered up and down the stream, nipping the tender grass that here and there grew in small tufts. At an early hour all lay down under the willows close to the stream and slept the sleep of the tired and weary. I arose in the morning just as the sunshine was beginning to paint the cliffs on the opposite side of the river with its crimson glow. I felt much refreshed; soon the toils of the day began and after going some distance down the river, a place was found where the river was more smooth; into the river they all plunged, leading my horse. I was very much frightened but my steed swam safely to shore. Up a deep mountain gorge we all hastened; the Indians seemed to become more and more excited; we could hear the roar of firearms in our rear. I was certain the soldiers were in pursuit and the Indian warriors were contesting every inch of the ground with them. Of course the movements ef the troops were slow owing to the roughness of the country and the fact that the Indians harassed them from every available point. During the day several wounded warriors were brought to us to be taken care of. I done all I could to help them that I might find favor in the eyes of the tribe, and thus gain a greater chance for my life in case of a hand to hand fight with the soldiers. I felt sure friends were not far off, and my heart at times bounded with joy, at other times I felt cast down, fearing that the overtaking of us by the soldiers would only hasten my death at the hands

SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH. (178)

of my cruel captors. Sometimes one or more of the fighting "braves" would overtake us, bearing trophies of the fight, such as reeking scalps and soldier's outfits, all covered with blood, which told a sad tale to my grief-stricken heart..

Thus it was at the time of those running fights—hope deferred made the heart sick. Near at hand was the flag of liberty and a host who were pressing on to give me freedom from a life of terrible slavery. So near and I yet helpless and resting under the fear of a violent death. Oh, the bitter experience of those days of hope and fear. On went our fleeing gang until we reached the Bad Lands, a section of country so barren and desolate as to offer the idea that it is indeed a God-forsaken land—a curse seems to hang over it. Vegetation has been crushed out as though some volcanic or burning wave had passed over it.

Petrified toads, snakes, birds and insects abound everywhere—what a field for the scientist to roam over and read the pages of a wonderful history.

The scarcity of water and grass urged us on to find a more fertile region. The Indians were forced to throw away everything that retarded their progress. They seemed to only care for their own safety. The impetuous pursuit of the soldiers drove the Indians so far northward that they were forced to swim the Yellow Stone river and seek shelter in the rugged recesses of apparent safety beyond.

There is nothing so wearing on a body of troops as this mode of warfare—pursuing the hostiles into their own well known haunts. The Indians have every ad-

vantage; horses used to the rugged paths and forcing the soldiers to accept of their own mode of warfare. We did not wonder that the weary soldiers gave up the pursuit and returned to headquarters—having left dear comrades far away to lie in lonely graves on the plains or in the rugged ravines.

Now that the soldiers had given up the pursuit the Indians felt safe, and began to make preparations to concentrate their scattered forces and return southward to the land they called their home. It seemed to me that the instincts or savage cruelty of the Indians were intensified a thousand fold; they fairly raged at the thought of the losses, not only of brave warriors but their tents and property of every kind was destroyed by the soldiers as fast as it fell into their hands. The women who had lost relatives raved and tore their hair in a wild and frantic manner. They even tortured their bodies in every conceivable manner and ran screeching and yelling through the camp like mad men. For weeks it seemed the whole tribe was on the verge of starvation, so terribly enraged were the Indians, that they sought vengeance from any quarter. As must be supposed I was a target for their unrestrained fury. It was only through the grace of God that I was enabled to bear it all. One morning I was apprised of the determination of the tribe to make me a victim to appease in a measure their boiling wrath. An Indian come to me to know if I was ready to die—to be burned at the stake. I told him whenever Wakon-Tonka (the Great Spirit) called me to come to him I would go. He said it was decided that nothing else but my life would appease the vengeance of

the Indians, because they had lost so much at the hands of the soldiers. He said they had no hatred toward me but I must die because they hated the soldiers that killed their braves and destroyed their goods and left them beggars. A council was called, the pipe brought out, the leading chief took it, offered up an incantation to the Great Spirit, bowed once to each point of the compass, as we would say, and then handed the pipe to each chief that he may smoke. Many words were then spoken, their wrongs at the hands of the whites was dwelt upon; vengeance they must have and as no other whites are in our power now, we must take the pale faced woman for an object on whom to pour out our wrath and please the Great Spirit. Finally an old chief, one much respected, arose and commanded silence, and said he, 'It is true vengeance is allowable, but is it brave to take for vengeance the life of one who is innocent of our wrongs? She has been kind to us, smiled upon us, sang for us, nursed our wounded braves. Our children love her as a tender sister. Why shall we put her to death for the wrongs of others, let us not punish the innocent for the guilty. I was not in the council room but where I could hear the speeches. If ever there was a poor woman prayed earnestly for protection it was at this time, and when I found they had decided to spare my life my heart was too full for utterance. And from that day to this I remember this last speech, I felt the finger of God was in it, I have not forgotten to pray the Lord to bless that chief while he lives.

For want of food a terrible experience was the lot of all, dogs and horses died of starvation and their carcasses

were eaten by the almost famishing Indians. For days I had little to eat, sometimes I would chew leaves, flowers and grass, that I might get a little nourishment. In time we arrived in a fertile valley and the Indians made their home upon the banks of a large beautiful stream. Game and fish abounded so that we no longer lacked for food. The Indians would make raids and return with horses and booty of all kinds, whether taken from neighboring tribes, returning miners or emigrants, I could not say. In the course of some months they began to live again as they had before their last sad experience with the soldiers. The longer I was held in captivity the stronger grew my anxiety to escape from bondage. It was the one thought ever uppermost in my mind. At last the long hoped for time came.

One day while seated on the outside of the chief's tent, thinking of my past life and bemoaning my lot, I instinctively cast my tear-dimmed eyes upward, and breathed a prayer to God to save me—to open up some way that I might escape this miserable life of captivity. How long I sat thus I know not. I was aroused from my meditations by an unusual stir among the Indians, and there came riding up to the tent a strange Indian. Quite a crowd of those of the village followed near by, making quite a confusion by their loud talk and gestures. He halted by our tent and inquired for the chief, who came out, and I heard him make inquiry for a white women that was held a prisoner. He said he had come on a peaceful mission, had valuable presents to give for my ransom (I soon learned I was the prisoner he spoke of) and that many more would be given at the fort by

the white chief if I was brought to them. As he spoke the chief looked to me, and the stranger knew I was the object of his mission. He then handed me a letter, which I eagerly clutched and read; found it was from the commander of the Post, and that all efforts to get me out of the hands of my captors had proven futile. He now had a hope that the Indian who would carry the letter would succeed. The Indian had left his wives as hostages, vowing that he would bring me to the fort in safety or they might make slaves of his wives. It was a joy to me to thus have a show for my return to civilization and my friends. But my joy was of short duration. I soon found out the chief with all his tribe opposed my going on any terms. Bitter words passed between the messenger and chief, but after a time they seemed to be on friendly terms, and in the evening the Indian who had come for me, his name was Waunena, got an opportunity to speak with me and told me they refused to let me go, but said he, "keep a big heart," what I can't do by free consent I will try and do by strategy; this was his meaning, and said he, I must not talk much with you or he would excite their suspicions. For some days he remained, smoked the pipe of peace with them, hunted with them, and was a jolly guest among them. I learned he was a chief of another tribe, and he was an avaricious, cunning savage, and as I learned afterwards his reasons for running the risk of his life for me, and insuring the hatred of this tribe against him was not from any love for my welfare, only that my safe deliverance to the fort would result in his getting the whole of the ransom promised the tribe if

they would give me up. One day as I went to the spring amid a clump of underbrush I met Waunena, and he said: "Come to the spring at dark," and then disappeared. Knowing so much of the treachery of the Indian, it was some time before I could get the consent of my mind to obey him. The letter was the only proof that he had really come as he said for me, therefore I concluded to trust him, as I could not see how I could worse my condition much, and if he proved treacherous it would be as well to die as to live longer in this miserable way. As was my custom at nightfall, I took up a bucket and walked off leisurely toward the spring. Looking around I could see nothing of Waunena. Just as I was dipping up the bucket of water I heard a low whistle. Peering through the dusky shadows I faintly discerned a hand beckoning me to come that way. Leaving my bucket I obeyed, and found it was Waunena waiting for me.

In hurried, low tones he bade me return to the chief's tent, and said he, "go to bed as usual, and at the sound of the whippoorwill get up quietly and meet me at the spring. Be sure you make no noise. Walk as softly as a good spirit." That was to me a long waiting as I lay upon my couch with a prayer almost continually running through my mind. At last the voice of the whippoorwill sounded its clear notes. The inmates of the tent were all in deep slumber. I got up noiselessly and crept quietly to the door and went out.

The stillness of the night made me feel nervous and afraid, but I passed down the beaten path that led to the spring. There I met he whom I looked upon as

an instrument in the hands of God for my deliverance. Of course it was he that sounded the notes in imitation of the night bird. He whispered to me to follow him, and off he moved as quietly as a cat. After going some distance he came to where two ponies were tied to a tree. Assisting me onto one, he sprang upon the other and off we started, my pony following his down a deep ravine, and before the dawn of day we had emerged out on to the wide plain.

My companion seldom spoke, but hurried along, often going in a gallop. Upon the pony I rode there were a number of blankets and a buffalo robe securely fastened. On these I sat and had a comfortable seat. No halt was made until about night, when we came to a small stream of water running along between some bluffs. The long continued journey had made me very tired. I had taken some dried buffalo meat with me, eating a little occasionally gave me strength so that I was not hungry. Waunena ate of the provisions he had with an appetite akin to a wolf. He talked to me as I lay upon my bed of blankets and robe.

I think I had slept an hour or so when I was awakened and Waunena said we must go. He seemed to be conscious of the fact that we would be pursued, and communicating his fears to me, I was as eager as he to press onward. It was indeed a tedious, tired journey, but it being a ride for life and freedom, I summoned all the courage I had and never complained.

Only for an honr or two would we stop at a time each evening to let our ponies graze and I take a rest and sleep. I don't think Waunena ever closed his eyes—it

was a matter of life and fortune for him. Whenever he would arrive upon any high eminence he would stop, and shading his eyes with his hand, take a look all around, and then go forward again.

Upon the fourth evening of our journey, just before sunset, we ascended a high divide, and I noticed Waunena looked, in his hurried way, around the horizon in the direction we had come, longer than usual, and then said he: "They are coming." That short message sent a thrill of dread through my soul. "Yes," said he, "we must not tarry to-night." He looked to his rifle that all was in order, and set forward with renewed speed. Our ponies were getting very tired, but they were still able to travel very well. We pushed on all night. I noticed the first night we were out that Waunena traveled in a certain direction, taking a star for his guide. In the morning, just before sun up, Waunena pointed out toward the south, and said he saw the smoke of the white man's fort. I could dimly discern a hazy cloud which seemed to hang near the ground. The thought that we were so near our journey's end revived me very much. On we urged our tired steeds. Waunena seemed very restless and watchful, looking back often. We passed down a ravine for some distance, and then ascended another high divide that seemed to let down toward the fort, which was yet some miles off. In looking across toward the west where there was a skirt of timber, we were surprised to see a dozen or more Indians dash out at full speed and turn their course toward us. We urged our ponies onward with all possible speed. Our pursuer's ponies were also ridden down no doubt, as they did

not seem to gain on us, at least while coming up the hill. We had a level plain to ride over. I could not help but look back, and I noticed one of the party was far in front and gaining on us. Whiz! went a ball to my right, and then another, and a few moments later my pony made a terrible lunge forward and fell, throwing me some distance, but as luck would have it I was hurt but little. I saw the blood gush from my pony's nostrils, and I knew he was shot through the lungs. I arose to my feet and saw the nearing Indian throw himself on to the side of his pony as Waunena raised his rifle. At the report of the rifle near my side I saw our pursuer and his pony fall in a heap, and in the same instant Waunena threw me upon his pony, and springing in front, bade me hold on, and he was off, making as good speed as possible. The temporary delay gave the rest of our pursuers a chance to get within gun-shot. On they came, whooping like so many demons, now sure of their game. As chance would have it, a sentinel at the fort had discovered us, and with a glass had seen my pony shot from under me. The alarm was raised, and a dozen men started out to our relief. Shot after shot whized around us. Waunena dared not loose a moment to return the fire, but pressed on. But alas! our almost famished pony fell, pierced by a ball. Waunena lit upon his feet, and as I lay upon the ground I saw him level his gun and fire six shots in succession. Three of the pursuing Indians bit the dust, and then there was one teriffic yell from the rest, and the next moment a sound of clashing war equipments as the soldiers from the fort came on their fresh horses like a rush of wind. I saw

our pursuing party wheel and flee, and as the soldiers flew by us a dark film came over my eyes, and I knew nothing more until I woke up and found a kind lady bending over me with anxious looks. To the question, "Where am I?" she said, "Safe with friends in Fort Laramie." "Oh, is it true, or is it a dream?" Being assured it was true, never did mortal offer up a more fervent silent thanksgiving than poor me at that time. Among my first inquiries was to know if Waunena was safe. Though it was gain that prompted him to save me, I felt greatly indebted to him, and thanked him with a grateful heart.

The rest is soon told. Ere many days I was speeding my way over the U. P. R. R., thinking of the dear friends I was soon to meet, and did meet. To God the Father be all the glory ascribed for his tender mercies and delivering hand.

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PART IV.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

ON TO LEADVILLE, OR HOW A FORTUNE HUNTER BECAME A TRAMP.

The rich discoveries at Leadville caused quite an excitement throughout the world. Many persons without due consideration set out to hunt for a fortune in the famed Carbonate camp. The following narrative concerning one who thus came West was told to the editor by the "invalid" mentioned in the article. It is a true narrative:

Alfred was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, the only son of fond parents, and like many sons of wealth, he was brought up without any practical experience in business. What a great mistake is thus made to give children a liberal education of the head, and it may be a good education of the heart, and not give them a thorough, practical knowledge of business, or a useful trade. Riches may take wings and fly away, therefore every son, and we might say daughter too, ought to go forth prepared for self dependence in the great drama of life.

When the great excitement about the Leadville mines became noised abroad, Alfred became ambitious to go

forth and try his luck in the great Carbonate camp. His father seeing he was intent on going, finally consented and gave him a good send off in the way of money in his pocket, and a large trunk full of valuable clothing.

It was a sad day, as might be supposed, to Alfred's mother to thus see her only son leave the parental roof and go out into the rough, treacherous world. He went forth with a father's advice and a mother's blessing resting over his defenseless head.

"On to Leadville," was his motto, and while stopping a few days in the busy city of Denver, he heard conflicting reports concerning the camp he had set out to reach. Nothing daunted, however, he pushed on to the mountains and over the lofty range, until he found the place where he hoped to pick up a fortune. Alas! for human hopes and the caprices of fickle fortune.

Distance often lends enchantment to the view. Now that he had reached Leadville he saw that it took labor, persevering hard work, or business tact and money to even get a smile from dame fortune. Not used to work, inexperienced in business and with but a hundred or two dollars in his pocket he was poorly prepared to do anything by which he might become a millionaire, and the result was his stock of ready cash dwindled down to a small figure. He wrote to his father he had not as yet struck a showing of prosperity, hence wanted some more money. It was sent, and this he done the third time and then said he, "I will send for no more, I have no claims for support from my parents;" and the pride of his heart gave him a determination to depend on his own exertions and suffer whatever lot befell him. The early

training that he had received in regard to morals kept him from indulging in strong drink or going into the way of the vicious. Yet his money would dwindle away, as it took considerable to live in that remote camp. His money all gone, next he bartered away his spare clothing, and lastly his trunk; and soon he was penniless, his manly spirit broken, and his only alternative was to write for money to return or enter on the course of the moneyless tramp. He still was too proud to think of doing the first, so he chose the lattter. At times he could get his board by helping about the boarding houses, but at last this chance to gain honest bread failed him, and he soon, as a matter of necessity, learned the arts of tramp life. Sometimes he would mingle with the crowd of guests going into the dining room at the hotels or boarding houses and get a meal, and then make his escape as best he could from the landlord. Upon one such occasion he had taken his seat at the table, the proprietor noticed him and walked to where he was, without saying a word raised a cane to strike him. He however dodged the blow, which struck the plate severing it into many pieces. It is needless to say he left very abruptly.

He finally ceased writing to his parents, thought they would write to him inquiring of his whereabouts. He got a letter from his father stating that his mother had died. This was a severe blow to him, as he judged his absence and silence had not a little to do with her demise. Ah, yes! grief and sorrow has brought many a parent's head down to an untimely grave.

Leaving Leadville, with all its allurements, which to

him now seemed as hollow mockery, he wandered back to Denver. Step by step he passed through the various stages of a professional tramp. Too honest to steal and too proud to beg, only when it was the only alternative to keep from starving, it is needless to say he went many a day without food, and slept in out-houses or in saloons. He sought work, but his appearance was against him. Occasionally he would get a meal's victuals at some boarding house as a compensation for some menial service in the back yard.

One bright morning, with hunger gnawing at his vitals, he set out walking down one street and up another, he hardly knew why or where he should go. By chance he came to Charpiot's hotel; on the pavement in front of the house sat a number of gentlemen. As he was about to pass his eye caught that of one of the party, and from some unaccountable impulse, contrary to his usual custom, he stopped short and addressing his speech to the gentleman, said:

"Sir, can you give me work that I may earn something to eat, as I have had nothing since yesterday morning."

The gentleman whom he addressed was an invalid from New York, now much improved in health, and though accustomed to meet with beggars and poverty such as is always found more or less in great cities, there was something about the young man that attracted his attention, and his interest in him was aroused somewhat. Says he:

"Why do you make such a request of me, a stranger?"

Says the young man, "I don't know why."

Then his name was asked, and his father's name, and where his father lived. Strange as it may appear, it turned out that this young man was the son of an old friend and former partner of the old man to whom the tramp had spoken. Twenty-five years had passed since they had separated, one to continue his business in Cincinnati, the other to try his fortune in New York. May we not, with propriety, harbor the thought that the angelic spirit of the young man's mother had something to do in prompting her suffering son to go as he went that morning, and address the stranger as he had, and cause the old friend to look on him as he had done. How true that,

> "Behind a frowning providence,
> God hides a smiling face."

The old gentleman arose from the chair and led the way to a restaurant and gave orders to let the young man have his breakfast and he would pay for it. When he settled the bill the clerk said, "Where did you pick up that 'stick,' he eat as though he has had nothing for a week?"

The gentleman, after further conversation with the young man as to how he came to be in such circumstances, purchased for him five dollars' worth of restaurant tickets and gave to him, saying: "I want to see you occasionally, and want you to remain in the city for the present." The young man begged of him not to write to his father concerning him, and said that had he known that he knew his father he would not have told his true name. "I have forfeited all right to my father's care and do not wish for him to know where I am."

Before an hour had passed the gentleman might have been seen in the telegraph office writing a message to be sent to Cincinnati, something as follows: "Your son is here in destitute circumstances. Come and get him."

In due time the following answer flashed over the wires: "For God's sake keep him until I come. I leave on first train."

At Kansas City he telegraphed to Denver: "Is all right? Answer me at Topeka." The response was: "Yes, the coast is clear. Will meet you at depot."

On the arrival of the train at Denver those two old friends warmly greeted each other; there was much impatience on the part of the father to meet his son. It seemed he could hardly wait until the 'bus would convey him to the hotel and he get ready to go in quest of the object of his coming. His friend led him to a saloon where the young man was in the habit of spending much of his time lounging in the chairs or on the long benches that sat along the wall. Stepping inside the friend says, "There he is, over on that side."

It was not much wonder the father asked, "where?" Although he expected to find his son in destitute circumstances, he had no idea he would find him in such a plight; a remnant of an old hat, coat in rags, pants six inches too short, one sock minus the upper half, shoes from which his bare toes "looked out," unkemp hair, and in fact a miserable appearance in every respect. The son did not recognize his father until he stood before him and said:

"Alfred, what are you doing here?"

To say Alfred was astonished by no means tells the

all of his surprise. He looked as though it would be a great relief if he could sink through the floor out of sight.

His father said: "Let us go out of here." He obeyed, and going first to a barber shop, where he went through a process of "shampooing," etc., thence to a bath-room, and then to a clothing store, it was not long until the miserable tramp was transformed into a genteel looking young man. The regenerating influences of soap and water and clean clothes put new life into him. His shame having worn off and the prospects ahead being better, he became cheerful, and related to our informant the experiences of his life from the time he left home until he had so strangely met him.

After a few days he with his father left for their home, and it is to be hoped both are wiser men. The father should have learned that something more than money and school education is necessary to insure success for their children in life; that practical experience at a trade or occupation is essential. And the son has learned, "all is not gold that glitters" and that "business" is worth more than aught else to to insure success in life.

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SAVED FROM CAPTIVITY.

A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RELEASE OF THE MEEKER FAMILY AND MRS. PRICE AND CHILDREN.

Father Meeker, as he was called, was one of the original settlers of the Greeley Colony in Colorado, a special friend of Horace Greeley, and his representative in the new colony—and the Editor in Chief of the "Greeley Tribune" for many years. He was one of the prime factors in the colony enterprise.

Father Meeker entertained the opinion that if the government would provide schools for the Indians at the agencies and provide them with agricultural implements, seed, and men to teach them how to farm, they would soon be self-supporting and arise to a higher state of civilization. In consequence of his persistent efforts in this direction he was appointed Indian agent at the White River Agency. The government acquiesced in his desires to set on foot his cherished plans. Men were furnished him, also seed and implements. His own daughter, Rosa, went to the agency and commenced a school. Sometime later the family moved to the agency. Then Mr. Meeker commenced ploughing the land where the Indians grazed their ponies; then trouble commenced. He was cruelly abused by some of the stubborn "bucks" who said, if our children are educated and we learn how to farm then we all have to work like the "pale faces". Owing to this abuse and the rebellious

disposition of some of the Indians, he sent for troops to assist in carrying out his friendly policy.

When the tribe learned by scouts that soldiers were coming, and, as they surmised, by request of Agent Meeker, they at once went out to meet them. The fearful slaughter of Thornburg and part of his command was the result. Then the returning Indians fell upon the the inoffensive father and their real friend and butchered him in a shocking manner, and captured and carried off his family and the family of Mr. Price, whom they also killed, with all the white men at the agency.

No sooner was it learned that the family was taken into captivity, than means were used for their release. General Adams and Colonel Cline were sent out with troops and friendly Indians, who by forced marches soon came up with the Indians and a release of the prisoners was effected. The following account gives some of the details. We give it as it was published in the "Mirror" soon after the occurrence took place:

"The women and children are all safe." This short message as it came flashing over the wires, sent a thrill of joy to many a heart. On hearing it, the first expression of my heart, as also of many others, was, "Thank God." Being well acquainted with the Meeker family we felt a deep concern for their welfare and was made to rejoice when we learned that they whose fate was so uncertain, were now safe among friends and on their way home. Their reception in Greeley was an event long to be remembered. The whole community gave expression in the most fitting manner of the deep sympathy they felt for them in their sorrows, and was ready

to weep with them, as well as rejoice with them in their deliverance from savage captivity. The women express themselves as most thankful for their early deliverance though the twenty-two days of their captivity seemed an age to them. They at times had but little hope of ever seeing their friends again; said Mrs. Meeker, "I hardly knew what to expect. At times the Indians almost ignored us, and went forward with their councils without regarding our preseuce at all; again they jeered, and taunted, and threatened us; at other times they were comparatively pleasant. There was but one who seemed determined to protect us. This was Susan, Johnson's wife, who has shown herself, from the beginning to the end of the troubles, a woman of fine feeling, and genuinely kind in her disposition to her fellow creatures. I can never forget or repay her kindness to myself and daughter, and our entire family. She is a good woman. "Yes, as to the threats," said she, being requested to proceed, "we hardly expected to see the faces of our friends in a civilized land; yet we never lost hope, yet at times were very despondent indeed. We hoped, and yet we feared, at all times."

The entire story of the captivity is of interest. When General Adams approached, which was noticed by the Indians, they rushed the captives into a secure place in the brush where he could not see or hear them. They were securely guarded while the conference which was held was in progress. Their camp was on a tributary of the Grand River. Of course the arrival of General Adams was hailed with joy, but five long hours passed before they knew whether he brought them deliverance

or he would be compelled to go away and leave them with their horrid captors. The council which succeeded General Adams' arrival, lasted five hours, and was marked by great vehemence on the part of the Indian orators who took part. There were two parties—a peace and a war faction—and for awhile war seemed bound to win the day. In the pow-wow, Susan, the squaw, who is referred to above, took a leading part in the controversy, and she raised her voice for peace, and she did good work. Susan, besides being Johnson's wife, is a sister of the great chief, Ouray, whose council is still more weighty among the Indians. She was supposed to represent her brother in a measure. Her words were listened to with respect, and were allowed to have their full weight. Notwithstanding her entreaties and General Adams' representation of the case, it at one time seemed as if the Indians would absolutely refuse to surrender their captives. They were determined to keep and make the most of them.

Susan was followed by her husband, Johnson, who also made a speech advocating the release of the captives—in fact, made a strong appeal in favor of the women, setting forth their great grief and the advantage to the Indians in this release, which might secure special consideration for them when it should come to arranging a treaty. He quoted and dwelt with emphasis on Ouray's advice to the Northern Utes. It was a novel attempt, as may well be imagined, to see a squaw addressing the hardy warriors. Susan has taken first rank as a leader among them. The instance was the first one on record of a squaw joining an important council and tak-

ing a prominent part in it. As is well known, the Utes make slaves of the women, and, so far as the councils are concerned, impose the same silence on them that St. Paul did. It is supposed that in this case Susan was listened to because she was supposed to represent Ouray, and to Ouray the Indians now look to save them in procuring peace. At any rate she obtained a hearing, and she pleaded well. Johnson, her husband, an influential chief, is supposed to have been brought by her to the advocating of a peace policy, for, as he will be and has been regarded in a large measure responsible for it, now to see him come boldly forward and advocate lenient measures, convinces one that resolution is possible even among savages. Nothwithstanding their eloquent appeals, however, it is probable that the ladies would not be released had not Gen. Adams risen from his seat and told the Indians that they must give an affirmative or he would give immediate orders to the soldiers to pursue their own course toward the Indians. They then promised to release the prisoners unconditionally, with the hope that the General would use his best efforts to prevent the invasion of the soldiers for the present.

The history of the prisoners during their captivity forms a most pathetic chapter. After the killing of Agent Meeker, the women attempted to escape into the brush from the burning building. Mrs. Meeker was fired at, with the result of a flesh wound in the hip, four inches in length. Mrs. Meeker and Mrs. Price were called to by Indians: "No shoot white women; stop; Indian no hurt." They were mounted; Miss Meeker, with Mrs. Price's eldest child, four years

old, tied behind her; Mrs. Price, with her infant in her arms, and Mrs. Meeker, who is 64 years of age, and lame from her wound. When they struck the camp at midnight, Mrs. Meeker was dismounted, and fell to the ground unable to move, and the Indians surrounded her and added to the misery of the situation by jeering and taunting "the old white squaw." The next morning they were separated, Douglass retaining the charge of Mrs. Meeker, and Persune taking Miss Meeker, while Mrs. Price and children were in the charge of Uncompahgre Ute.

The sufferings of Mrs. Meeker were indescribable during her stay with Douglass, whose squaw abused her by neglect, pushing, striking and taunts. On one occasion Douglass threw down blankets, and compelled Miss Meeker to dismount, saying they were going into camp. He then said they were going to stab them, and exhibited the butcher-knives to be used for the purpose. Then he placed a musket to her forehead, and said, "Indian going to shoot." The courageous girl never flinched, and laughed at the burly savage. He asked her if she was afraid, and her ready response, "I am not afraid of Indians or death," elicited the admiration of the red demons. They turned upon chief Douglass in derision, and he slunk from the presence of the brave Miss Meeker. Soon after this they were placed in the charge of chief Johnson, and through the instrumentality of Johnson's squaw, their condition was very much improved, and further indignities ceased.

Susan proved to be the guardian spirit, and had it not been for her intercession the fate of the women would

have formed one of the blackest pages of Indian deviltry.

Through the fearful ordeal of captivity Mrs. Price and Miss Meeker almost fought for the rights of poor old Mrs. Meeker. They could use a little Spanish and Ute, and their defiance of intruding Indians, and readiness to to resist insult to the old lady, challenged the respect of even the blood-thirsty aborigines. They would push the savages right and left when interfered with, and on making complaint to Susan, would face the Indians, while Susan laid down the law and penalty; and to this fact may be attributed the many favors of which they would otherwise have been deprived.

Miss Meeker's story is full of vivid details. She says:

"The first I heard of any trouble with the Indians at my father's agency was the firing at Mr. Price, while he was plowing for Indian crops according to government instructions. The Indians had the idea, and said, that as soon as the land was plowed it would cease to belong to the Utes. Two or three councils were held, and an Indian woman, Jane, the wife of Panvitts, was the cause of the whole trouble.

The trouble seemed settled by two or three councils, secretly, however. The Utes were preparing for a massacre, for just before Eskridge left with the Indians a runner was seen rushing up to the tent of Douglass with what I since learned was news of soldiers fighting. Half an hour later twenty armed Indians came to the agency from the camp of Douglass, and began firing.

I was in the kitchen with my mother, washing dishes. It was afternoon. I looked out of the window, and saw

the Utes shooting the boys working on the new building. Mrs. Price was at the door washing clothes. She rushed in and took Johnnie, the baby, to fly. We ran into the milk-room, which had only one small window, and locked the door, and hid under a shelf. The firing went on for several hours at intervals. There was no shouting, no noise, but frequent firing. We staid in the milk-room until it began to fill with smoke. The sun was half an hour high. I took May Price, three years old, and we all ran to father's room. It was not disturbed. We knew the building would be burned, and ran across Douglass avenue to a field of sage-brush beyond plowed ground. The Utes were so busy stealing annuity goods they did not see us at first. About thirty of them, loaded with blankets, were carrying them toward Douglass' camp, near the river.

We had gone 100 yards when the Utes saw us. They threw down the blankets and came running toward us, firing as they came. Bullets whizzed as thick as grasshoppers around us. I do not think they intended to kill us—only to frighten us. Mother was hit by a bullet, which went through her underclothing, and made a flesh wound three inches long.

As the Indians came nearer they shouted: "We no shoot; come to us." I had a little girl, and an Indian named Pursune said for me to go with him. He and another Ute seized me by the arms and started toward the river. An Uncompahgre Indian took Mrs. Price and her baby, and mother was taken to the headquarters of Douglass.

The Indian Pursune took me where his ponies were

standing by the river, and seated me on a pile of blankets. Indians were now on all sides; I could not escape. It was now sundown. Packing was finished at dusk, and we started for the wilderness of the south. I rode a horse with a saddle, but no bridle. The child was lashed behind me. Pursune and his assistants rode each side of me, driving pack mules ahead. About twenty other Indians were in the party. Mother came later, riding bareback behind Douglass, both on one horse. She was sixty-four years old, feeble in health, wounded, and not recovered from a broken thigh caused by a fall two years ago. Chief Douglass gave her neither horse, saddle nor blankets. We followed the river, and, on the other side, Pursune brought me a hatful of water to drink. We trotted along until 9 o'clock, when we halted for a half hour. All the Indians dismounted, and blankkets were spread upon the ground, and I laid down to rest, with mother lying not far from me. Chief Douglass was considerably excited and made a speech to me with many gestures and great emphasis. He recited his grievances, and explained why the massacre began. He said Thornburgh told the Indians he was going to arrest the head chiefs, take them to Fort Steele, and put them in a calaboose, perhaps hang them. He said my father had written all the letters to the Denver papers, and circulated wild reports about what the Indians would do, and was responsible for all the hostility against the Indians among the Whites West. While Douglass was telling this he stood in front of me with his gun, and his anger was dreadful. He said father had always been writing to Washington. Then he swore a fearful oath

in English, and said if the soldiers had not come and threatened the Indians with Fort Steele and the calaboose, and threatened to kill other Indians at White river, the Agent wouldn't have been massacred. Then the brave chief, Douglass, who had eaten at our table that very day, walked away a few feet, returned, and placed his gun at my forehead three times, and asked me if I was going to run away. I told him I was not afraid of him nor of death, and should not run away. When he found his repeated threats could not frighten me, all the other Indians turned on him and laughed at him, and made so much fun he sneaked off, and went over to frighten my mother. All hands took a drink around my bed; then they saddled their horses, and Pursune led my horse to me, and knelt down on his hands and knees for me to mount my horse from his back.

We urged our horses forward, and journeyed in moonlight through to the Grand mountains, with the Indians talking in low tones among themselves. It was after midnight when we made the second halt in a deep and somber canyon. Mother was not allowed to come up. Douglass kept her with him, half a mile further down the ravine. Then the squaws came, and laughed, and grinned, and gibbered. When I had lain down on the blankets two squaws sang and danced fantastically at my feet. Other Indians stood around, and when the women reached a certain part of their recitative, all broke into laughter. Next day Pursune went to fight the soldiers, and placed me in charge of his wife, with her three children. That same day mother came up to see

me in company with a little Indian girl. Wednesday, next day, Johnson went over to Jack's camp, and brought back Mrs. Price and her baby to live in his camp. He said he had made it all right with the other Utes. We did not do anything but be around the various camps and listen to the squaws whose husbands were away fighting the soldiers.

Sunday night Jack came and made a big speech; also Johnson. They said more troops were coming, and recited what orders had been brought from Chief Ouray. They were in great commotion, and did not know what to do. They talked all night, and the next morning struck their tents, and put them up again. Part were for going away, part for staying. We had a long ride. The cavalcade was fully two miles long. The wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was so thick we could not see ten feet back. Most of the Indians had no breakfast, and we traveled all day without dinner or water. Mother had neither saddle nor stirrups, but merely a few thicknesses of canvas strapped on the horse's back, while the young chiefs pranced round on good saddles. She did not reach Grand River until after dark, and the ride for an invalid and aged woman was long and distressing.

After marching south some days the Indians said they would stay at their camp, and if the soldiers advanced, they would get them in a canyon and kill them. The Utes were now close to the Uncompahgre district, and could not retreat much further. Eight miles more travel in two days brought us to the camping ground where General Adams found us. This was near Plateau Creek, but high up and not far from the snowy range. Monday

night an Uncompahgre Ute came in and said that next day General Adams, whom they called Washington, was coming after the captives. Next day about eleven o'clock, while sewing in Pursune's tent, his boy came in, picked up the buffalo robe, and wanted me to go to bed. I told him I was not sleepy. Then a squaw came and hung a blanket before the door and spread out both hands to keep the blanket down, so I could not push it away, but I looked over the top and saw General Adams and party outside on horses. The squaw's movement attracted their attention and they came up close.

I pushed the squaw aside and walked out. They asked me my name, and dismounted; said they had come to take us back if we cared to go. I showed them the tent where mother and Mrs. Price were.

Next morning we left for Uncompahgre in the charge of Captain Cline and Mr. Sherman.

The following is a brief account of the fight Major Thornburgh had with the Indians just before the massacre at the agency:

Major Thornburgh's expedition against the hostile Ute Indians, when within seventy-five miles of the agency, halted for the night of the 26th of September, and the Major sent Grafton Lowry, one of the scouts, to the agency to communicate with Agent Meeker and to see how matters stood. He found the utmost excitement and confusion prevailing. The Indians had sent all their old men, women and children south toward the Blue River. The warriors were decorated and painted in their usual style. They were about to murder Meeker, but Mr. Lowry prevailed on them not to commit the

deed. Mr. Meeker told Lowry that he had attempted to leave the agency with his family, but was prevented by the Indians, who signified their readiness for war and seemed anxious for the approach of the troops. They then made another attempt to kill Meeker and fire the buildings, but were a second time prevailed upon to desist. Lowry now attempted to return to his command, but was informed that he must remain. But after giving them a number of assurances of his peaceable mission, he was allowed to depart, but was accompanied by about thirty warriors who rode with him a number of miles and then left him. Lowry arrived at the command, then near Milk Creek, on the evening of the 28th, and gave Major Thornburgh the above information. The next morning, September 29th, the command advanced under the guidance of Joe Rankin, who is well acquainted with the country.

About 9 o'clock A. M. Rankin discovered fresh Indian signs, and having arrived at a canon through which the road passed, and which would afford an excellent opportunity for ambush, he led the command over the hill, over an old trail well known to him. By this movement he saved the lives of the command, for on arriving at the top of the hill he discovered the Indians in ambush on the other side of the canon through which the road passes. Major Thornburgh formed his men in line and awaited the coming attack. He was repeatedly urged to fire on the Indians, but persistently refused, saying his orders would not justify an attack, etc. Two Indians now rode up to within a hundred yards, dismounted, and with a savage yell fired, shooting Captain Payne through

MAJOR THORNBURG, ON THE MARCH. (209)

the arm. At this signal the Indians gave a war whoop and the battle commenced. Major Thornburgh now found that he was surrounded. He ordered a charge, which he gallantly led in person, and succeeded in cutting his way out, and when within about five hundred yards of his wagons he fell dead with two bullets through his brain. Captain Payne now took command and the battle was carried on until eight c'clock P. M., the troops using the wagons and animals as breastworks. The Indians fell back a short distance and went into camp. During the engagement Lowry was killed.

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A TERRIBLE MASSACRE OF INDIANS.

During the early settlement of Colorado the Indians caused much trouble. Many bloody scenes of murder were enacted along the valley of the South Platte and elsewhere. Things grew worse and worse, until at last the white men rose up in their might to quell those disturbances. One Colonel Chivington had been sent to take command of the district embracing Colorodo. He was prevailed upon to declare martial law and enlist every man old enough to go and fight the Indians. This was just fourteen years ago. The little army under command of Colonel Chivington, was made up promptly of brave men, used to hardships and inured to danger; their blood was up and they were determined to avenge the many outrages, insults and injuries inflicted upon the white race. The following is an account of the

battle of Sand Creek as given by one who took part in the fight.

"The soldiers started out from Denver in October or November in pursuit, or rather, to hunt the hostiles. They camped for some time in Bijou Basin, and while there heard of the whereabouts of the Cheyennes, who were camped on Sand Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas. Scouts were sent out and the position thoroughly ascertained.

Having become possessed of these facts, Chivington started direct for the camp of the Indians, and marched steadily and cautiously until he was very close to them. Here he camped for the night, his troops lying down to rest, while under orders to be in readiness for marching before daylight the succeeding morning.

The Indians were ascertained to be quietly encamped in a ravine along the creek. They had finished their savage orgies, and had long since retired to sleep over their many deeds of blood, and were probably engaged in their late morning dreams over scenes of scalping and destruction. They rested, as they thought, secure in their retreat, and they did not have the least intimation that their fate was so close upon them. Lo, the poor Indian!

Just as the dawn of morning was beginning to tinge the sky over the eastern plains, on the 25th of November, the storm broke. While the aborigines had been quietly recruiting themselves by sleep for future work, the soldiery had surrounded them, leaving no gap for escape. Being ready for action, the word to begin operations was sent around the circle. It had been given out

COL. CHIVINGTON'S SCOUTS. (211)

that the work was to be final, and it was the general understanding among the Chivington force that not an Indian was to escape. The boys went to work with the determination and the desire to obey orders to the fullest limit. How well they succeeded, a strip of country for a mile along Sand Creek, almost covered with the lifeless bodies of the redskins, attested, when the men ceased from their bloody work.

The Indians were under the command of Black Kettle, a warrior renowned for cunning and daring, but he was taken completely by surprise, as were also his entire band. There were about seven hundred of the Indians —men, women and children—and if any escaped to tell the story from the Indian standpoint, no one is cognizant of the fact. The fight raged for almost half a day, but though the Indians fought bravely after recovering from their surprise, it was a one-side affair, and they fell thick and fast until not a live Indian remained to ornament the ground. The red flag was raised from the beginning, and according to the pre-arranged programme, no mercy was shown. The hearts of the men, of course, revolted at the killing of the women and papooses, and there was many a temptation to spare them, as they cried and prayed for quarter. But it was, for one time, war to the knife. Western white men had stolen the mode of battle of Western red men and were determined to teach them a lesson of the power of its operation. Many scenes are related of the utter despair that seized the foolish and frightened women. A favorite mode of seeking escape was to run away from their camp fires and stick their heads in the sand, either

fancying they secured some degree of safety because they could not see their pursuers, or desiring to die by an unseen hand rather than to behold their imminent danger and have no power to stay the hand of the avenger or avert death. They forsook their children to seek their own safety.

This was the last battle between the whites and Indians that can be called such ever fought in Colorado. The plan pursued and the execution of it were terrible. It hardly seemed fair and honorable that people should be taken so unawares and that vengeance (or justice) should be dealt out so summarily and so unsparingly; but no one who has not suffered from the outrages of the savages can appreciate the motive that spurred these men to action. To show mercy to the Indians was to do injustice to their own families and themselves.

The news of the success of the Colorado soldiery was received in Denver with rejoicing, because the people here felt that they had been relieved of a terrible source of danger and fear. When the soldiers returned they were the heroes of the time.

There can be no doubt that to this decisive step Colorado owes the comparative immunity from Indian attacks and depredations which she has enjoyed since that time. The Indians did not discontinue their develish conduct, but, on the contrary, it is estimated that the wars which followed, and which the humane government attributes to the Sand creek massacre the credit of starting, have cost the national exchequer between thirty and forty million dollars. The conclusion may, however, be drawn that if the modus operandi com-

menced at Sand creek had been persisted in, there would have been no need for such outlay of money.

Chivington was of course taken to task by the government, and a long investigation by Congress ensued. But to him as much as, or more than any one else, belongs the credit of freeing this State from troublesome Indians, and for that he will be remembered here, even if he did kill seven hundred Indians."

From another source we learn that several hundred of the whites that were engaged in this battle were either killed or wounded. The battle raged fiercely. The Indians fought with the desperation of men fighting for their families and their lives; some, after they had fallen, would rise upon their elbows and shoot at the advancing enemy. Under such circumstances as narrated above, the christian mind revolts at the terrible consequences of war and bloodshed.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Charles Royer came over the range from Middle Park Monday, with several hundred pounds of game meat with which he left last evening for Denver. Mr. Royer relates a story of a hairbreadth escape he had from a bear while on his hunting expedition. He says he and his brother were out hunting wild game, when the two of them got parted from each other, and he, while climbing up a mountain side, spied a huge black bear a few rods above him. This was just the kind of game he was after, and having full confidence in his ability to get away with Mr. Bruin, he leveled his rifle

at his head and fired. Although the shot was a good one it did not bring the bear to the ground, but on the contrary brought Mr. Bruin to his feet in a manner that startled and astonished the hunter. However, Mr. Royer did not lose his confidence, and still thought himself able to cope with the bear, and thinking that he would take him this time at close range, he hurriedly placed a new cartridge in his breech-loader and awaited the approach of the now infuriated beast. He did not have to wait long for Mr. Bruin was upon him in a moment. Royer raised his rifle to the torn and bleeding head of the bear (the first shot had taken effect in the jaw) and pulled the trigger, but the gun in this supreme moment of peril failed to go off, the cartridge missing fire. The click of the hammer without an explosion sounded like a death knell to the ears of the practiced hunter, for he knew that an encounter in which a horrible death stared him in the face, must ensue. The bear he knew to be savagely angry, and he was practically without a defense. He had met his fate, was the horrible reflection that passed through his mind, and although this went through his brain like a flash, it was no sooner through than the bear pounced upon him, and he having turned around, fell upon his face with the bear upon his back. The first shot that was fired attracted the brother's attention, who fortunately at that time was catching up with Charley, and he came running up to his brother's assistance just as the bear was tearing the clothes from the back of his helpless victim. Placing the muzzle of his rifle at the bear's head he sent a bullet crashing through it, and Mr. Bruin rolled over on his side and

Mr. Royer was a free man, saved from a terrible death only by the timely appearance of his brother. Mr. Royer will sell the carcass of the bear in Denver, and keep his hide for a lap robe.

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A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY AN "OLD TRAPPER,"

The following thrilling adventure we had from a young man who spent five years among the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. He told us the story by our camp-fire at night, when the winds were shrieking over our heads and awaking strange memories of home and its many pleasing associations—the darkness hung down over earth like a funeral pall. With a single companion, he had been five days away from his party, searching for some new stream on which to trap bears. As the sun was sinking on the fifth day, they stopped where the wild berries were growing very plentifully, and little mountain stream was trickling over the rocks; they alighted, unsaddled their horses, and placed their rifles leaning against a tree. Our hero then turned towards the bushes to pick some berries, and being pleased with their flavor, and withal rather hungry, he did not at first notice a slight rustling among the bushes. When he did he sprang for his rifle, and had scarcely turned again before an enormous grizzly bear broke through the bushes and dashed directly at him.

His own rifle had a single trigger, that of his companion's a double, and in his confusion he had seized his companion's instead of his own, so that when he attempted to fire, the trigger not being properly set, his effort was useless, a deadly faintness thrilled him, and for an instant terrible death stared him in his face. The furious animal was crouched to spring upon him, his companion was too far off to render him any aid, and bewildered with terror, unable to account for the state of his rifle, and faint with fear, destruction seemed inevitable.

The animal sprung, and despair proved the poor trapper's salvation, for with the motion his strength returned—the strength of desperation, brought up by the last extremity of peril, and giving his rifle one wild swing, he struck the infuriated beast upon the head with the heavy barrel, while in the very act of descending upon him. The bear was stunned, one of his fore paws fastened on the shoulder of the trapper, as he fell, and they both came to the ground together. The trapper described his sensations at this moment as lugubrious; the most wonderfully brave men have trembled on the eve of battle, but when the first discharge of firearms awakens the death-like silence, they rush into the midst of the fray, and fight like wild beasts.

The fall bereft him of the power to move, and here his fate would have been sealed forever, but for his companion, who, the instant he saw the situation, discharged the other rifle and broke one of the bear's shoulder-bones.

The shot would have been more effectual, but he also

having tne wrong rifle, and being aware of his mistake, had fired when he thought he was only setting the hair trigger.

The bear fell, however, still holding the rifle fast in his teeth, close to where the first trapper was lying, who had barely strength to seize the butt end of the rifle once more, set the trigger, and fire the contents down the animal's throat.

The grizzly bear was then soon dispatched, and the unfortunate rifle is now to be seen in the museum of the trapper, who relates many of his perils among the wilds of the far North West.

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OUR LAST BUFFALO,

When we, the Editor of the "Home Mirror", lived on the South Platte River, over hundred miles below Denver, buffalo were, for the first few years, very plenty. Herds containing thousands in number were not unfrequent, and we became so used to seeing them coming over the bluffs and to the river to water, that we often let them return unmolested; however, at times, we would participate in the hunt, and our rifle kept us well supplied with the choicest buffalo beef.

Being hunted almost continually by persons who made it a business, and the settling up of the valley, soon so thinned them out that we rarely saw a buffalo any more. The last one we killed happened in this wise:

We, in company with our son and another young man, were traveling up the valley, when near old Fort

Morgan—an abandoned Government Foit—we noticed a huge buffalo alone, near the river, some distance to our right; he was coming leisurely along toward the road. Not expecting to come across any large game, we had only a double-barreled shot gun with us. I let the wagons pass on, and then I lay down behind a grassy knoll to await the coming of Mr. Buffalo. When he neared me I saw he had been wounded—the wound was in the fore leg near the hoof.—As he passed near me I discharged both barrels at him; he seemed to care as little for such sport as though nothing of the kind was occurring. The young man had headed him off, and when within probably fifty or sixty yards the buffalo stopped and stood looking at him. The young man commenced discharging his small revolver at him with the result of simply enraging him; there he stood, shaking his head and pawing the ground. I warned the young man to take care, as a wounded buffalo was not to be trusted too far. My son had ridden around to keep him from running to the bluffs; in the meantime I had loaded my gun with extra heavy charges of powder and buck shot. As I approached the full grown huge monster he seemed to be preparing for a battle; however I advanced cautiously, all the time looking for a good opportunity to retreat if necessary; when within about thirty steps I concluded to try a bead on him. His attention was attracted to the young man and he turned so as to give me a broad side shot. He seemed to be in a great rage, shaking his massive, shaggy head, pawing the earth and bellowing occasionally. I discharged both barrels of my gun in quick succession, aiming just

back of the shoulder. The animal stood for a few moments, a tremor shook his whole body, and then he fell and soon expired. Some of the buck shot had penetrated his heart. We took his "robe," which was a good one, and the young man took the hind quarters on with him to Golden City—his home.

That was the last king beast of the plains that we brought down.

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THE HUNTERS AND OLD GRIZZLY.

The past Summer some prospectors were camped one day in the mountains bordering on Middle Park, Colorado. It was customary to send out some of the party to look for deer or other game to replenish the camp larder. On this memorable day, a youth, not long from the State of old Missouri, with a companion, set out to look for game; each had an excellent rifle. While wandering along above the timber line they espied an old grizzly bear, quietly coming down the mountain side. Oh horror of horrors! how that young "tenderfoot's" hair did rise! He set out on a run or rather scramble, and tumbled down over the rocks and fell, or rather slid, over a precipice or steep incline; gathering himself up at the bottom he was off again. His companion tried to prevail on him to stop when they had reached the timber, and they would climb a tree and give old grizzly a fight—the bear was not over a few hundred yards off, and coming on toward them—doubtless enjoying the fun—but no, the citizen from Missouri would hear to no

such a proposition; but on he ran, regardless of the danger to broken bones or skinned shins, and came into camp almost out of breath. Of course he was laughed at, and in a few days set out for his home beyond the muddy tide of the big river. Whether his hair turned white, our informant did not say, but we venture to say he will never forget his Rocky Mountain adventure,—the sight of that old grizzly bear.

At another point in one of the mining camps a grizzly bear used to visitt at night, one of the cabins while the occupants were out on a day or two's prospecting. He would push in the door and help himself to the stores of the cabin and scatter things around promiscuously. Four sturdy miners concluded to lay for him one night. Within the cabin they lay on their guns watching and waiting; they did not watch in vain; about midnigt they heard the heavy tramp, tramp of the invading foe, closer and closer,—he came—one can imagine the thumping of four hearts within that cabin. The door was left standing open; he came up within a few steps of the door and halted, probably deciding in his mind whether or not he was "monarch of all he surveyed." You would guess he received a simultaneous volley from the cabin—but no, you are mistaken; those four men all agree in saying the dim light of the stars revealed to them a monster, to all appearance as large as an ox, and such eyes glaring in that monster head. There was no finger there that night with nerve enough to pull a bead on such a magnified monster. "Why," said the men, "had we wounded him, he might have rushed in that open door and snapped us all up as a toad does a fly."

Well, they did not shoot. The bear, "snuffing danger in the breeze," walked off and the watchers, no doubt, were glad to see him go. They virtually said, "Bruin, you let us alone and we will let you alone." Probably a sensible compromise.

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MARRIED BY LIGHTNING.

His name was Mr. Wheeler, C. E.; hers Miss Lina S.; their home Washington, Missouri. They loved truly and dearly. Mr. E. was a poor, hard-working mechanic. The idea of going West entered his honest heart, so he set out to seek his fortune in the promising fields of Colorado, where honest toil has so often brought a rich reward. To leave behind his dear Lina was a sad trial, but confiding in her love and maidenly integrity, and she in his earnest, manly devotion, they parted. Her love to him was the force that nerved him on to accomplish the object of his aim. It was that love which he felt for her that caused him to shun the many snares and pitfalls of life. He had an object in view, and through all his trials he was happy in the thought that time would restore to his presence the one in whom was centered his hopes and his joys.

She, though left a lonely, loving maiden, to await the return of her beloved Wheeler, was full of hope, and even in the time of sadest hours she felt away down in the depths of her trusting heart he would be true, This to her was a secret joy. Thus three long years—long indeed, to lovers—passed away, but each were willing to

abide the time when the wheel of fortune should decide the blessed consummation of their hopes. Mr. E. was now ready to take to his home his affianced bride. A thousand miles were between them; his business was such that it was not prudent for him to leave it. He wrote for her to come in company with a friend that was going to Georgetown, Colorado, the place of Mr. E's home. Miss S. was, as any one might suppose, willing to go as on the wings of love to meet her betrothed. It is said: "True love never runs smooth." So in this case. The mother, who knew there was "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," was not willing she should go, only as the wife of the one of her choice. Love, which defies locks and bars, surely ought to laugh at distance. But how to span that thousand miles of space that separated those two willing hearts, was the question. The telegraph! Ah yes! the telegraph! Why was not that thought of before? Distance has been annihilated—the lovers may stand as close together as a flash of lightning and talk together in that wonderful tick, tick language. That will do; the old lady is satisfied. Send for the parson. He comes. A few friends are present. No cards. No visible bridegroom. However, the minister asks the question: "Dost thou take this woman to be thy lawful wedded wife?" Through a thousand miles of space that question speeds its way towards the setting sun, and up amidst the towering cliffs of the old "Rockies" it was heard by the man who willingly answered back, "I do." Then another solemn line flashed across the continent, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." The knot was tied—two hearts were made more happy

and a new made bride set out to meet her new made husband. The long distance grew shorter and shorter, until at last husband and wife met in each others arms. Married by lightning, and brought into each others presence by steam! Still the world moves.

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TRYING TO CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

A FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

Being acquainted with the country mentioned in the following history and having often seen large herds of wild horses roaming on those plains we have no doubt as to the truthfulness of the occurrence.

Meeting Charlie Baldwin, of Boulder county, yesterday, we were reminded of a little unpleasantness he once had with the Arapahoe Indians, in 1867. It occurred over beyond the Bijou, about sixty-five miles from Denver, on the old Smoky Hill road, in the days when the Butterfield coaches, instead of the steam engine, traversed that route. The passenger of to-day, who rides over those bleak hills in the Palace cars of the Kansas Pacific, little realizes the bloody scenes that were enacted here in the days of 1869.

Some ten miles beyond the Bijou, and between what was known as Walker's Station and the Republican river, was a numerous band of wild horses. The attempts to capture them had proved futile for many a year. They had been pursued by daring riders, mounted upon the

fleetest horses in the country, but to no avail. Among these horses was a milk white stallion, with flowing mane and tail, who knew no gait but "pace," so said the trappers and hunters, yet the fleetest runner with rider upon his back could not overtake him. He was the Godolphin of the prairie—"King of the winds." An English sportsman had once seen him, and offered a thousand dollars in gold for him if he be captured without injury. There was also a white mare—a beauty, apparently the leader of the band—that stood sentinel with her head always high in the air when humans were in sight, and with one blast from her bugle-nose two hundred fleet racers would make the earth tremble beneath their tread.

In the fall of 1869 Mr. Baldwin attempted to execute a plan to capture the entire herd. This he would do by turning a number of his trusty and well-broken horses and mares loose among these wild animals, and after leaving them a sufficient time to make their acquintance and affiliate with them, then he would commence to approach day by day until he and his riders would fail to terrify them. This done, he would commence to drive a little each day until he would have them, unawares, off their range or feeding ground; then his own mares would strike for civilization, and the younger members of this wild horse family, if not the older ones, would surely follow, when he would land them safely in some enclosure or corral.

His arrangements being made to start, Mr. Baldwin took with him four men and a month's supply of provisions. His party consisted of Mr. Loren Clark—a gen-

tleman well known in these parts in an early day—Mr. Moss, as guide, Mr. John Grief, and a Mr. Cutter. Mr. Moss' and Mr. Cutter's given names are now forgotten. They left Denver on the first day of September, and after three days' travel, arrived upon the ground where these wild animals fed, and turned loose their decoy horses.

For several days they had circled about in sight of the band of horses, and at night returned to their camp at Walker's Station. One morning, when about five miles from camp, they discovered of a sudden that they were surrounded by at least two hundred Indians. They were all in warpaint, armed with guns and spears, and were yelling like demons. Mr. Baldwin ordered his men to dismount, use their horses for breastworks, and fight. Clark obeyed the command; the others were panic-stricken, and made a dash to escape. Baldwin called loudly to them to halt, but they were too badly scared to hear his command. As they stampeded Moss dropped his gun, and Cutter's horse became unmanageable and ran among the Indians. Grief was so frightened he stood still while the Indians rode up, put their guns against his head and shot him down. In twenty minutes from the first attack the three named men with their horses lay dead upon the plain. After scalping them and swinging their bloody scalps in the air, the infuriated devils turned their whole force upon Baldwin and Clark. The two had mounted, thinking there was an opportunity for an escape, but the Indians came upon them so rapidly, Baldwin cried to Clark "to dismount again and fight." Before he could do so, his horse fell under him, and he

himself received three wounds almost instantaneous. The dead body of the animal served for a breastwork, and for a time the wounded man fought with desperation, until from the loss of blood he had become too weak to longer hold out, when he advised Baldwin to leave him to his fate and take care of himself as best he could. Baldwin replied, "Never! You stood by me, and I will die with you!" Fortunately, the Indians fell back a pace for a moment, when Baldwin helped his wounded comrade upon the only horse they had left, and commenced a retreat towards the station, which was now three miles away. The Indians rallied and pursued, but at every advance he would drop upon his knees, take steady aim, and an Indian or his horse would surely bite the dust. At last they arrived in camp, and the enemy retreated and left the field.

After much suffering Clark partially recovered from his wounds, and is now a resident of California, while Cutter, Moss and Grief lay buried on a little hillock by the roadside on the old Smoky Hill route.

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THE BELLE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[The following narrative is so characteristic of life on the frontier a few years ago, that we give it place here.]

Weary and footsore after a hard day's tramp, I knocked at the door of a cabin in an opening of the canon.

"Come in," was the response, in a full, cheery, feminine voice.

"It don't seem Christian-like to refuse you," said the young woman who had answered my summons, in reply to my request for a night's shelter.

She spoke in a kindly voice, but in a hesitating way, as if there might be objections which it would be indiscreet to mention.

"Well," she continued, after scanning my jaded appearance, "I've no objections if father hasn't,"—inclining her head toward the farther end of the long room, where I discovered a person partly hidden by the stove, sitting in a chair reclining against the wall. His bow I cordially returned; but was surprised at his repeated salutations until I found he was apparently nodding in sleep. The girl smiled good-naturedly and remarked, "Never mind, it's all right."

In the meantime, my attention was attracted by the remarkable beauty of the girl. Her face, though browned by exposure, harmonized well with her large and expressive brown eyes. There was an air of dignity in her appearance, and a contour of face and form denoting physical courage that commanded respect. Yet her demeanor seemed to prove—what a good judge of human nature might pronounce her to be, one of those who are made happy by conferring happiness on others.

Though her language occasionally admitted an outre phase, yet it indicated good sense. She might have been some eighteen or twenty years of age.

My cogitations, however, were soon interrupted by another arrival—that of a young man, who without ceremony entered the room. He was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age and of frank and prepossessing appearance.

On seeing me, his countenance, for a time, betrayed great surprise, and he threw an inquiring glance at the girl, whose face seemed flushed with embarrassment. Then, as if resigning himself to the force of circumstances, and actuated by a really generous nature, he reached me his hand with "Here's to a better acquaintance, stranger."

Then, suddenly stepping to the girl, he encircled her waiste with his arm, and saying in a subdued voice, "This, for the Belle of the Canon," he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The girl blushed, but seemed pleased, and taking a seat at the table prepared for supper, said hurriedly, "Come to grub, all hands."

A hearty laugh was now heard from the other end of the room, and the father coming forward gave Dick and Kate (as I soon learned their names to be) a quizzical look, and the "stranger" a friendly greeting. From the lively actions of the old gentleman, I strongly suspected that in regard to sleep he had been "playing possum", simply out of a waggish disposition to observe the "stranger's" reception.

At the meal, which was prolonged, he manifested a fine, genial and social nature, and gave a graphic description of his experience of border life and encounters with Indians. Kate, herself, had experienced many of the vicissitudes of wild life, in common with her father.

Soon after supper the old gentleman bade us a pleasant "good night," and ascended a step-ladder to a loft above. I concluded to follow his example, and to the manifest pleasure and relief of the young couple, I expressed a desire to retire.

The room assigned me was a small affair, being simply a slab addition to the main log building. A bunk attached to the side and rear end of the walls answered for sleeping accommodations. The lower sash of the one small window was raised a few inches; a paper curtain covered the window down to this opening.

I awoke from a sound sleep, as near as I could judge, about midnight, when I heard a low murmuring, apparently of several voices in the room. Raising my head, I heard the expression, "We must make short work of it." Then followed a shuffling of feet and stealthy treads out of the outer door. For the moment I experienced a sort of apprehension of evil. Make short work of what? Had the window been raised with an ulterior object in view? No, I would indulge in no vague fancies, and I again composed myself for sleep.

I was aroused from a partly unconscious state by a strange, thumping noise in close proximity to my window. It was now broad daylight.

My first impression was that a forcible entrance was being made into my room. Looking forward, to my great astonishment I saw the head and neck of a very large snake, wriggling and twisting over the window sill, and which was struggling to enter the room. The noise I had heard was caused by the flapping of his tail against the side of the house in his enterprising efforts. On recovering from my surprise, I looked around for some suitable weapon of attack, but saw nothing. I thought of my boots at the foot of the bed, near the window, and was just reaching over to seize one, when I saw a shapely female hand glance by the window opening. The head

of the snake suddenly disappeared; the sound of blows followed, and the exclamation, in a voice that I recognized, "There, now I guess you've learned manners," satisfied me that the "varmint" was disposed of.

Not long after this occurred, I found myself outside the cabin viewing its locality. The outside freedom was inspiring, the fresh morning air invigorating. The scattered pines on the slopes seemed like sentinels guarding the canon road. The wonder was how many of them could obtain a foothold in the crevices of the rocks. Not far off a stream, scarce a rod wide, rushed merrily down the declivity. Soon a sturdy youth on horseback came jogging down the road, lustily singing, "John Brown's Body." A short distance in the rear of the cabin was a small shanty—a blacksmith shop—in which the girl's father was replacing a shoe on the foot of a horse. The owner, a hunter, stood near, leaning on his gun, watching the progress of the job.

"Do we find much game here?" said the old gentleman, repeating my question, after the hunter had gone.

"To find game of consequence," he continued, "one must go farther back; the presence of wild beasts in this vicinity is of rare occurrence. We, however, had an encounter with one when we first came here to Little Trout Creek Canon, about a year ago. I'll tell you how it was. The day I took possession of the cabin, after setting things to rights, I cleaned and loaded my two rifles. The next morning I took one of them and went out to reconnoitre. I had walked a few rods westerly from the cabin, when I saw coming around that pile of rocks you see there, an enormous black bear. When he saw me

he seemed to be about as much astonished as myself. Had I retraced my steps he might have walked off, for bears are not so willing to attack people, when unmolested, as some are apt to imagine. As I walked toward him, to be more sure of a shot, he reared on his hind legs. I fired, but without fatal effect, and the brute, with savage growls, came bouncing toward me. Of course I'd no time to reload there, and so bolted for the door, and then bolted that. 'What's to pay now?' cried Kate, excitedly. I told her. She seized the other rifle. Before I could reload the bear had nearly reached the door, when the report of a rifle was heard outside, and we heard him tramping off.

"Kate opened the door and rushed out. Near the creek, some two rods off, in an angular direction, stood a young man, reloading his gun. The black imp was taking a bee-line towards him, but before the brute had got half way Kate had taken deliberate aim and fired. She brought him to a dead halt, sir, as sure as you slept on his skin last night. The ball struck just where intended, at the back of the head.

"The young man was out prospecting near by; he heard my shot and came forward in time to place a ball in the body of the bear and save us from a predicament. As you already may have guessed, that young man was Dick, the person you saw with us last evening."

"Well," said I, "there must be a spice of romance in the affair; for, judging from appearances, Kate and Dick will make a match. A happy future for them."

"You're on the trail," was the reply; "and," continued the old gentleman, readjusting his "Lorillard," "as you

take a kindly interest in the young couple, I may say, that as to marriage, why, they have just got to the foothills. You happened to call on their wedding eve. It has been delayed much longer than has suited the wishes of Dick, and he says now, when the ceremony comes off this afternoon, short work must be made of it. But come, Kate is calling us to breakfast."

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A DIZZY AND DANGEROUS CLIMB.

The Grand Canon of the Arkansas in Colorado has been the scene of many narrow escapes. We have traveled through it upon several occasions, and always felt as though we were in the immediate presence of the great Architect of nature. The dizzy heights are awe inspiring. The following account of one of those thrilling adventures is given by the hero himself (Editor):

Charles May and his brother Robert, in the spring of 1879, offered to pass 60,000 railroad ties down the Arkansas from the mountain source. He says: "Our offer was accepted and we started into the upper entrance of the canon with a large skiff provided with six days' provisions and two hundred feet of rope, with which, by taking a running turn around some firmly planted object, we could lower our boat a hundred feet a time. In this way at the end of three days, having set adrift many hundred ties, we reached the Royal Gorge. Here we discovered that an attempt to descend the first waterwall with two in a boat was certain destruction, and to return was impossible. Accordingly, I determined to

lower my brother down the fall in the boat, a distance, of two hundreed feet, give him the rope and let him take the chance of the canon (life seemed more certain in that direction), while I would risk my physical ability to climb the canon wall, which was about two thousand feet high.

At ten o'clock in the morning I shook hands with my brother, lowered him in the boat safely to the foot of the fall, gave him the rope and saw him no more. Then throwing aside my coat, hat and boots, and stripping the socks from my feet, I commenced my climbing way, often reaching the height of one or two hundred feet, only to be compelled to return and try some other way. At length, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a height upon the smooth canon wall of about a thousand feet. Here my further progress was arrested by a shelving ledge of rock that jutted over from the canon side, a foot or more. To advance was without hope, to return certain death. Reaching upward and outward I grasped the rim of the ledge with one hand and then with the other. My feet slipped from the smooth side of the canon, and my body hung suspended in the air a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas.

At that moment I looked downward to measure the distance I would have to fall when the strength of my arms gave out. A stinging sensation crept through my hair as my eye caught the strong root of a cedar bush that projected out over the ledge, a little beyond my reach. My grasp upon the rim of the ledge was fast yielding to the weight of my person. Then I de-

termined to make my best effort to raise my body and throw it sideways to the root so as to bring it within my grasp. At the moment of commencing the effort I saw my mother's face as she leaned out over the ledge, reached down her hand and caught me by the hair. Stranger, my mother died while young, when I and my brother were small boys, but I remember her face. I was successful in making the side leap, when I drew myself upon the ledge and rested for a time. From here upwards my climbing, though laborious, was less dangerous. I reached the top of the canon just as the sun was sinking down behind the snowy range, and hastened to our camp at the mouth of the canon, where I found my brother all safe. 'Charley,' said he, 'have you had your head in a flour sack!' It was then I discovered that my hair was as white as you see it is now."

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A STRANGE PEOPLE.

THE PENITENTIES.

This is the name of a secret society that exists among the Spanish or Mexican Roman Catholics, of which there are considerable numbers in the southern part of Colorado and New Mexico. It is said the priests do not approve of their doings, but they are so zealous and superstitious in their belief that nothing will deter them from their faith. Even those who know for a year previous they are to be crucified, make no attempt to escape.

The following account, as we penned it down from a friend who has been for some years in that locality of country and an eye witness of their strange proceedings, may be relied upon as strictly true: The week in which Good Friday comes is called by the Penitenties, Saint's week. On Sunday they prepare an ordinary meal or feast, to be eaten in their church house the following Friday. They eat nothing from Monday morning until this feast on Friday. Previous to the commencement of Saint's week they all provide themselves with plaited thongs from four to five inches wide, and from two and a half to three feet long, made by plaiting together the tough, broad leaves of the "soap weed" which has long, sharp needles projecting from the points; these they leave on, which makes a thong, thickly studded with piercing needles.

On Monday morning, the first day of their week of suffering, they meet in their house of worship (men only belong to the order) and divest themselves of all clothing, except a pair of drawers and a black covering over their faces like a veil. They commence services by singing, then, when one thinks of some sin he has committed he jumps up and commences lashing himself with his thong, striking across his shouiders, and as he lashes he goes out; others soon follow, until all are out and all lashing themselves so severely that the blood often runs in streams down their backs; they continue the lashing from ten to twenty minutes at a time; then fall down on their knees for about five minutes, then go into the house again, and go to singing. Soon they commence the lashing again as before, some one having commenced

as "moved by the spirit" or having remembered a sin. These intervals of lashing, singing, praying, etc., are continued day and night, from Monday morning until Friday at noon at which time they eat their feast, having fasted from Monday morning up to this time. They had previously prepared a large cross of heavy timbers, being about 10 feet in height and weighing 125 to 150 pounds. One of their number had been chosen the year before to be crucified. He lashes himself severely and when too weak from loss of blood, etc., to continue it himself the others lash him until he is apparently dead. Then he is laid on the cross, his hands and feet tied tightly to the beams of the cross, then he is raised up and the cross planted in the ground. Then the lashing of themselves commences again and each one in rotation kisses the cross. Then they march around the cross, lashing and singing all the time for nearly an hour; then the cross is loosed from the ground and no matter whether the man on the cross is alive or dead the cross is let fall forward on top of the man lashed to it. This is done three times, when the man is taken loose and his body is carried in the house and kept until Saturday afternoon when it is buried and thus the ceremonies of the week close. One man is crucified in each congregation or district where there are such societies; usually there is one in each valley or separate settlement. They do not object to persons being spectators to their doings outside, but they allow none but their own members inside the house. They provide a new cross every year so that great piles of crosses may be seen at their churches.

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LIFE ON A SHEEP RANCH.

EXPERIENCES, INCIDENTS, AND DETAILS OF ONE DAY IN A SHEPHERD'S LIFE ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

I am restless. I roll in my bed. A lark sings. I awaken, turn and look out of my east window. It is dawn. I yawn, stretch, and dislike to arise. But jumping up quickly, I dip some cold water from the bucket into my tin wash basin, bury my face and open my eyes beneath its refreshing surface, and wiping on a coarse honeycomb towel, I am fairly awake and all of a glow. My toilet completed, I walk through the sheep, who are nearly all lying down, and who rise and scatter at my approach, to the stable, where I suckle my two kid antelopes to a ewe who has lost her lamb. I then open the corral gates, call "Romeo," and start driving the sheep out. How they stand and strain their necks, and timidly advance step by step. Finally a bravo one pushes on from behind, gives a jump and is through the gate. Another and another follow, and then the gate is crammed with a surging mass of sheep and lambs. Some time elapses—the gate is narrow. Now a few more stragglers—an old sheep—lambs—one little lamb—and all are through. How they scatter and run for feed. They look more like 3,000 head of sheep and lambs than when in the narrow confines of the corral.

The Eastern horizon is fairly ablaze. Now see the sun! No! you cannot look! The majesty of his brilliancy overcomes you, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorossan. Up from his dark-green couch on the far grassy

plains, his highness rises. Visible for a few minutes only, he retires behind a long low-lying cloud, to appear again on the upper edge in greater brightness. How swiftly the King of Day mounts the sky on a ladder of hours! The zenith reached—how slowly he passes down —as if loth to descend. When near his resting place behind the mountains, how like an archangel with magic touch he changes the appearance of sky and hills, and opens the gates of heaven on the past, where memory weaves a tissue of thoughts from a warp and woof of the happy and good, leaving out the unpleasant details of the present.

The sheep spread out like a fan, and are running to see which shall first find the best feed. "Romeo," obedient to his word, sign or gesture is ever on the alert, and ready to obey, and at the handle of this fan I feel every confidence that I have the sheep fully in hand. I imagine how a general must feel, commanding a brigade of sheep. Here over the hills comes Francisco, the Mexican herder, to whom I turned over my command and "vamose per el rancho." There I eat my breakfast of mutton chops, potatoes, "herder's delight" (a name given to gravy made of grease, flour and water), biscuits, coffee, sugar and stewed dried apples. This is an old "cow camp," and the spring house is fitted up as a dairy. We live Canada style—i. e., "each man cleans his own plate." I sweep and sprinkle the floor, put down my blanket curtains, and my cabin is deliciously cool. If I am out on the hot plains, I take a refreshing cool water bath in our tub, made out of a half pork barrel. I spend the remainder of the long hot mornings reading,

writing and sleeping. About noon I get a bite to eat, and with "Romeo" and "Middlemarch" go out to herd. I send the Greaser into his "chuck." I sit down, back to the sun, and read. The sheep are all bunched up with their heads under one another, panting with the heat. An hour or so passes, Francisco returns "squatavous" and goes on with the braiding of a watch chain he is making for me out of horse-hair. The afternoon posses away. Friendly shadows fleck the sward. Bless the tiny cloudlets! The sheep scatter and now are feeding nicely. Sol is making preparations to retire. We rise and let the sheep feed quietly towards camp. Those in advance smell water and "step out." Now look at the herd; three hundred yards wide and a mile long. Romeo and Rover, at their master's bidding, keep the herd straight, and closing up, drive the remainder into the corral, where water runs in ample supply. Now hear pandemonium noises! Each individual mother has forgotten her lamb in her thirsty desire to be first in at the water; and now, in mournful piteousness, bleats for her all, while it (poor little lamb) wants its "m-a-a" and in a right healthy young voice so signifies to the assembled crowd of ewes and lambs, each and every one of which is vocalizing to a like purpose. Here is a case where a lusty lamb recognizes his mother, and rushing to her side, drops on his knees and nearly butts her off her feet in his greed for mother milk. Here again, a kind, motherly ewe, nearly distracted about her own, has six or eight orphans (or milk pirates) tugging at her udder. Oh! you rascals, your mother wouldn't own you, so you steal milk for a living.

Francisco and I catch a ewe with a full udder of milk to suckle my kid antelopes. Francisco builds a fire. Who is this? O, happy hour. It is my friend with my mail. Sweet letters, such solace to my hungry heart, what would I do without you? My friend's jaded horse is cared for. I soon have what I pronounced a "staving supper." A cigarette rolled and lit, I devour my letters. My friend and I talk and visit. The moon rises. We go out and in her bright light we sing—ballads—we hear some fair one sing in a city drawing room—plantation melodies, from old Mississippi—operatic airs and Western songs. The Mexican adds his wild, weird tunes, with an odd tremolo in his voice, in the liquid softness of the Spanish language. Then in the moonlight, this child of nature dances a fandango, dances well, too, in his moccasins. He describes by graceful motion in an epic poem, deeds of valor, chivalry and passion. Is there not analogy between these half barbarous dances and the polite and fashionable ballot of the day? And, in the breast of this illiterate sheep herder, do not traces of poetry and romance yet linger? Yes—who knows.

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AN AUTHOR IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Early in the year of 1859 Charles Collins wrote a book about the then unknown country of Colorado and Pike's Peak, in which he gave a glowing account of the whole region. This book had a good deal to do with stimulating emigration. After the rush to Pike's Peak had been going on for some time Collins, with the late

A. D. Richardson, set out for that place. Collins kept distributing this book all along the route and collecting his subscriptions at the ranches previously canvassed; until after some days of travel both began to be aware of the fact that a great many of the emigrants, who had gone out weeks before, were returning. These wagons no more bore the bold inscription "Pike's Peak or Bust," but it was transformed to this effect, "Pike's Peak Busted." The two travelers, unaware of the depth of chagrin and significance behind, thought little of it until they had traveled about one-half of the route, three hundred miles from St. Joseph. Here was a famous stopping place known as Jack Morrow's ranch, a place where Collins and Richardson had determined to put up that night. Collins, who was well acquainted with Morrow, got some distance ahead of Richardson, in whose wagon besides himself and the driver were a number of emigrants, also bent on seeing the new country.

Collins, as he drove up to Morrow's ranch, was considerably surprised at the sight. The place was everywhere swarming with miners and emigrants, all excited and savage about something or another. There was loud talking everywhere, and loud threats about somebody who in every breath came in for the most violent and bitter execration. Collins was about to toss one of his books to Morrow, who came forward hastily when he saw him, and getting up close to him he said in a voice husky with suppressed excitement:

"Collins, git."

"What do you mean?" said Collins excited.

"Git out of here, quick," said the excited ranchman, as he waived his hand and disappeared.

Collins, now thoroughly aroused, thrust his book back under his seat and bade his driver to get out and mingle with the crowd and find what was the matter. In a few minutes the driver returned with a face white as a ghost, and told Collins that the miners were offering a reward of $2,000 for the bodies of Collins and Richardson, dead or alive. Having heard that they would be along that way they had come to stop at Morrow's ranch and secured a couple of ropes, intending to hang them.

Collins quietly slid down from his buggy and sauntered out to the edge of the crowd. Here he heard himself and Richardson denounced in the most unsparing manner. Seeing there was no time to lose, he instructed his driver to strike another route, while he himself circled around the crowd until he reached some tall grass, when he took to his heels. After running for more than a mile he stopped. Like a flash the question crossed his mind, where was Richardson? He turned around and struck across diagonally for the old route, in reaching which, some distance from Morrow's ranch he presently met Richardson's team moving along leisurley. It required but an instant for Collins to inform him of the true state of affairs, hearing which he was not less frightened than Collins himself. The result was that they struck off on a new route and finally reached Denver without further adventure. Denver was then a settlement of about one thousand inhabitants, all living in tents. Soon after their arrival there the two pre-empted 120 acres of land each. Becoming disgusted afterward, they threw up

the land again. To this day Collins brings his fist down on his knee and says with an emphatic air of comic regret: "And fools that we were, this land is now the heart of the town and sold in less than ten years afterward for a thousand dollars an acre."

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IN THE SADDLE.

While a resident of Colorado we were engaged more or less in Mission work. Many a long ride had we, carrying the bread of life to hungry souls in the Mountain district or on the wide extended plains. The scenery often was of such a nature as to inspire the soul with reverence for the great Creator of all things.

The following is a short sketch of those pleasant rides:

The sun had just begun to light up, with a halo of glory, the snowy top of Long's Peak as we rode out from our home on Sabbath morning, June 20. All nature seemed to be rendering praise to the Almighty Author. A ride of ten miles brought us to the entrance of Left Hand canon, where our road led us across the roaring, rushing stream of the same name. Towering cliffs loomed up around us; the "balm of a thousand flowers" perfumed the fresh morning air; acres of wild roses in full bloom lined our pathway on either side; and to tell of all the varieties of flowers that crowned the Floral Queen in such majestic beauty that morning a volume might be written. Onward and upward our road led us, until at last we arrived upon the summit of a mountain ridge a thousand or more feet above the plain below,

which was spread beneath our gaze like a map. The winding course of the streams, even the distant Platte, that make their way out from the mountains, were plainly discernable, as were also the shining waters of many of the huge irrigating canals. The numerous lakes looked like so many mirrors glistening in the sun. The green fields of growing grain and grassy meadows in contrast with the brown, parched, uncultivated lands presented a beautiful picture to the lover of nature. It is no exaggeration to say a hundred miles or more of the plains, looking east, north or southward, lay in view to the unaided eye. Denver City, forty miles away, with a number of lesser towns, were plainly visible; looking west, the snowy range in the background added grandeur to the wonderful and imposing view that lay around us. In a cozy nook below us was plainly in sight the mining town of Sunshine, the place of our destination. Going down an incline of probably forty-five degrees, we soon arrived in the town, where we held religious services twice during the day. Next morning we visited some of the most prominent mines where the precious gold is taken out to gladden many a heart. Our sixteen mile journey homeward was pleasant.

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AN INDIAN'S SPEECH.

I am a Kiowa Indian boy, twenty-three years old. My home is in the Indian Territory. My people are not much civilized. They live in houses made of skins of buffaloes. When I was a boy I did not see many white people. The Kiowas moved camp often to keep near

the buffalo, and we lived on buffalo meat and berries all the time. We had no bread, no coffee or sugar. We boys talked all the time about hunting buffalo, going to fight the Utes, Navajoes, or Pawnees; and most about fighting the white people, or stealing horses. The old Kiowas talked all the time to us about fight or hunt the buffalo. Sometimes the men would go off and bring back scalps of white men and women, or Indian men and women, and then we had a big dance. This was all I heard, and all I saw, and I thought it was good, so I will be a big fighter, and a good hunter too, and may be I get to be a big chief.

When I was about fifteen years old, I killed my first buffalo, with a bow and arrow. I had no gun. Then I was called a man, because I could kill buffalo. Then I went with the young men to fight the Utes and Navajoes, and steal their horses. I was in three fights with the Utes, and two with the Navajoes. We did not get many horses; too much fight.

I went to Texas about ten times with young Kiowas and Comanches, to fight the whites and get their horses. We fought the soldiers, and a good many Indian men got killed. But I did not get hurt, only sometimes my horse got killed. All this time I wore a blanket, or a buffalo robe, and liked to have my hair long, and paint my face, and wear big rings in my ears. I did not know anything about God, or churches, or schools, or how to make things grow from the ground to live on.

Four years ago there was a big war. The Kiowas and Comanches and Cheyennes fought the soldiers all winter. The buffalo were nearly all gone, and the Indians got

very hungry. The horses worked hard, and it was so cold, the grass was poor, so they got very weak, and we lost many in fights with the soldiers. Then the soldiers came to our camps, and we had to run away and leave our lodges. Then the soldiers burned them. We all got very tired and hungry, and the women and children cried, so the chief said: "We will go into Fort Sill and give up."

We met Capt. Pratt in the Wichita mountains. He had some Indian soldiers and two wagons loaded with bread, sugar and coffee. He gave us plenty, and we gave him all our guns, pistols, bows and arrows, shields and spears. That night we had a big dance because we had plenty to eat. In three days more we came to Fort Sill, and all horses were taken away, and the men put into the guard-house. In two months, some of the men had irons put on their ankles, and were sent to Florida. The other men were turned loose. I went to Florida.

There I first began to learn something about the good way, and I find Indian's way very bad; so I thought I will never live Indian's way any more. Capt. Pratt was a good friend. He taught us many things and showed us the white man's road. White ladies came to the Fort, and helped us to read and write. We stayed in Florida three years and then some of the Indians went back home, but the young men wanted to stay East, and get a good education. We came to Hampton. We have been here a year. We study hard, and are learning to work, and be men. We like it.

I see that every white boy and girl, and every black boy and girl can go to school, and that is the way they

get ahead of the Indians. Indians have no chance. You give all Indian boys and girls schools, and teachers like you have, and Indians will do better.

———:o:———

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her: "Daughter in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtue, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman." The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtue enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the very best, she left these fair ears behind, hoping to find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thiner, and the ears very thin and shriveled. She now regretted not having taken one of the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor

show around her, for here she found not an ear that bore perfect grain. She went on, but, alas! only to find the stalks more feeble and blighted, until at the end, as night was coming on, she found herself at the end of the field, without having plucked an ear of any kind. No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late; and how many in all climes, and in all ages, in the evening of life, call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousands of golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season.

THE END.

INDIAN HERBS!

The Author of this book, while a resident of the frontier, often come in contact with the Red Men of forest and plain, also with the Spaniards, old Trappers and Hunters of the far West. From them he gathered the secrets of some of their leading "cure alls." Trying them himself and using them in his family, he soon learned of the remarkable virtues they contained. One herb in particular, found in the Rocky mountain regions, proved so very efficacious in the many ills to which flesh is heir to, that he introduced it to the world at large. Many tons of it has been sold and distributed over the United States and foreign countries. It seems to be Nature's Remedy and when used direct from the herb it is more effective, and has greater therapeutic virtue than in any other form. It acts almost like magic in restoring the wasted energies of the system, giving tone and renewed vigor to the system. It may indeed be called the great

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